

ANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st Jan 1970

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CHANDAMAMA

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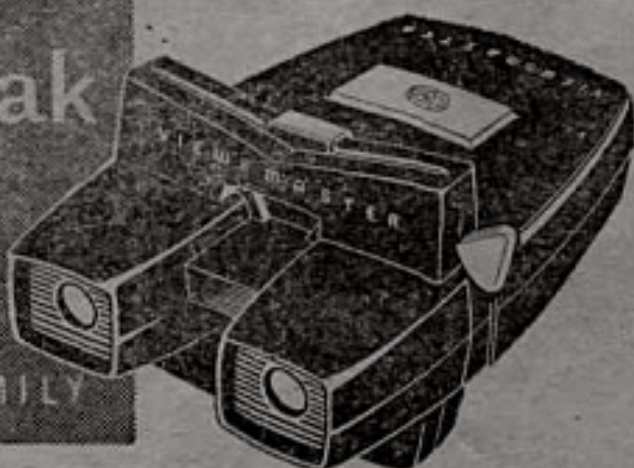
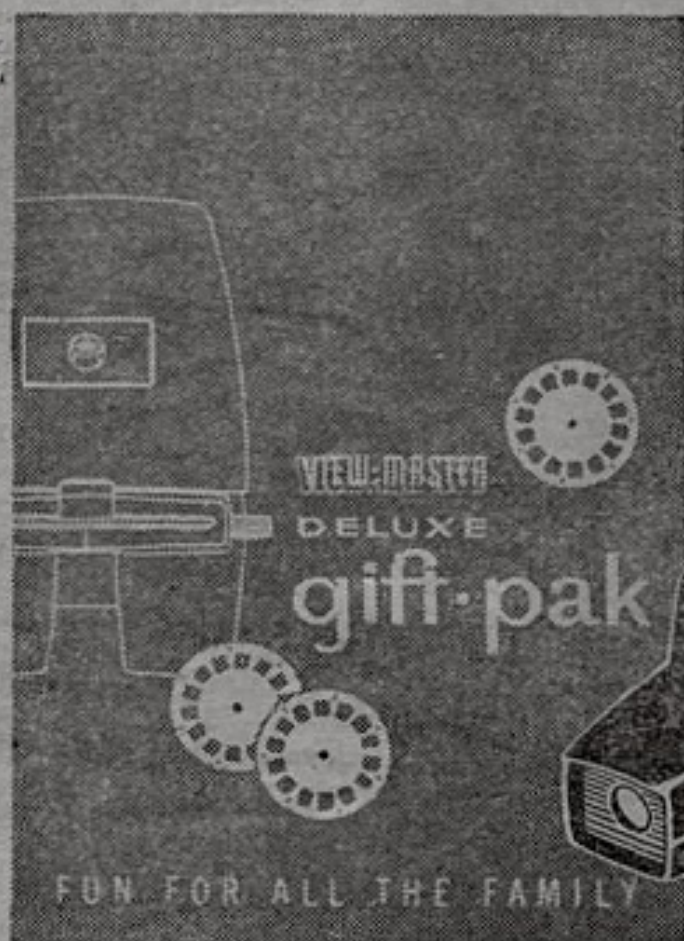
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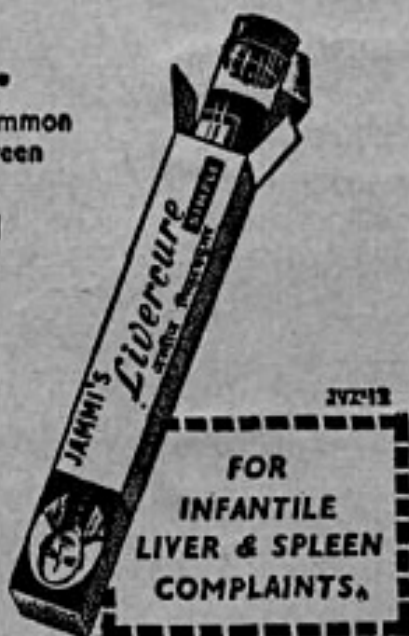
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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

[In this issue we are starting a new serial, "The Land of the Crocodile." The reader will find some of the characters of "The Comet" appear in this, the events of which can be considered to have happened some twenty years after those described in "The Comet." "The Land of the Crocodile" is a sequel to "The Comet."

In the JATAKA TALE "The Dreams", Lord Buddha gives us a picture of social corruption on the pretext of interpreting the queer dreams of King Bimbisara of Kosala. This story has a moral for us, today, because most of the evils described by the Master still exist in our society. In any society, if *Dharma* is neglected, certain evil consequences are bound to follow. In this story are described the evils of early motherhood, the old depending upon the young for their sustenance, worthless people coming to power, mis-carried justice, unequal distribution of wealth, failure to provide against famine and floods, followed by failure of crops, and several other things.

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NO. 1

THE FRONT COVER

THE Pandavas, who had left for the Kamyaka Forest, again returned to the Dwaita Forest towards the end of their exile. While they were there, one day, a Brahman ran to them, saying that an antelope made away with his fire-stick and requested them to get it back for him.

At once, the Pandavas took up their bows and arrows and ran in the direction in which the antelope had gone. Soon they came upon it, and tried to hit it with their arrows. But not an arrow would hit the antelope, which took the five brothers into the midst of the jungle, by stages. Then it disappeared altogether.

The brothers were thirsty. Nakula climbed up a tall tree and saw a pool of water at a distance. He walked to the pool, intending to quench his thirst and to bring water for the rest. But an invisible person shouted, "This pool is mine. If you want water, you must answer my questions first!" Nakula ignored the voice, drank of the water and fell down unconscious.

Seeing that Nakula did not return, Yudhisthira asked Sahadeva to go. Sahadeva too heard the voice, ignored it, drank some water and fell unconscious. The same thing happened to Arjuna and Bhima also.

Then Yudhisthira himself came to the pool and heard the voice. "O Great One!" he said. "Who are you? What do you want to ask of me?" Then the voice put a series of questions which Yudhisthira answered wisely. The Invisible Deity was pleased with the answers, and said, "Let me bring back to life one of your brothers."

"O Great One," Yudhisthira said, "Give me Nakula. For, my father had two wives, Kunti and Madri; of Kunti's sons I am alive. Let Nakula live as Madri's son."

"I am pleased with your fairness, O Yudhisthira. Know me for the Lord of Death. Let all your brothers come back to life!" said Yama, appearing before Yudhisthira.



KING Bimbisara of Kosala had several odd dreams, one night. On waking up, he sent for the wise Brahmans and told them about his dreams.

"Consult the holy books and tell me what the dreams signify," he requested them.

The Brahmans held a secret conference. The King was perturbed, and this was a very good opportunity for the Brahmans to fleece the King. "Let us not miss this chance," they thought among themselves.

Then they went to the King and said, "Sire, we referred to several rare texts. The dreams you had portend great calamities. These calamities are going to

visit your person, your race, as well as your kingdom!"

The King was now positively frightened.

"Find out," he implored the Brahmans, "how these calamities may be averted."

"But we already know the remedy too," the Brahmans told the King. "To avert danger, you must have sacrifices performed wherever four roads meet, throughout the kingdom. At the end of these sacrifices feast the Brahmans and give them sumptuous gifts. By doing so, not only will all danger be averted, but prosperity will follow."

King Bimbisara accepted this advice blindly, called his cashier

and said to him, "Let a sacrifice be conducted wherever four roads meet. Set apart enough funds to feed the Brahmans and to make them the proper gifts. Money is no consideration."

The Queen heard of this order. She went to the King and said, "My Lord, don't start these sacrifices in a hurry. I am sure, these Brahmans know not what they say. The One who knows everything is in Jeta-vana. Go to see him, tell him about your

dreams, and, if he advises you to carry out these sacrifices, you can do so, by all means."

King Bimbisara fell in with this advice. He went in person to Jeta-vana and requested Lord Buddha to come to his house and dine with him. The Buddha conceded the King's request and went to the palace.

There the King submitted to the Great One, "Lord, you know all. Last night I had a number of frightful dreams. I beg you



to tell me what those dreams signify."

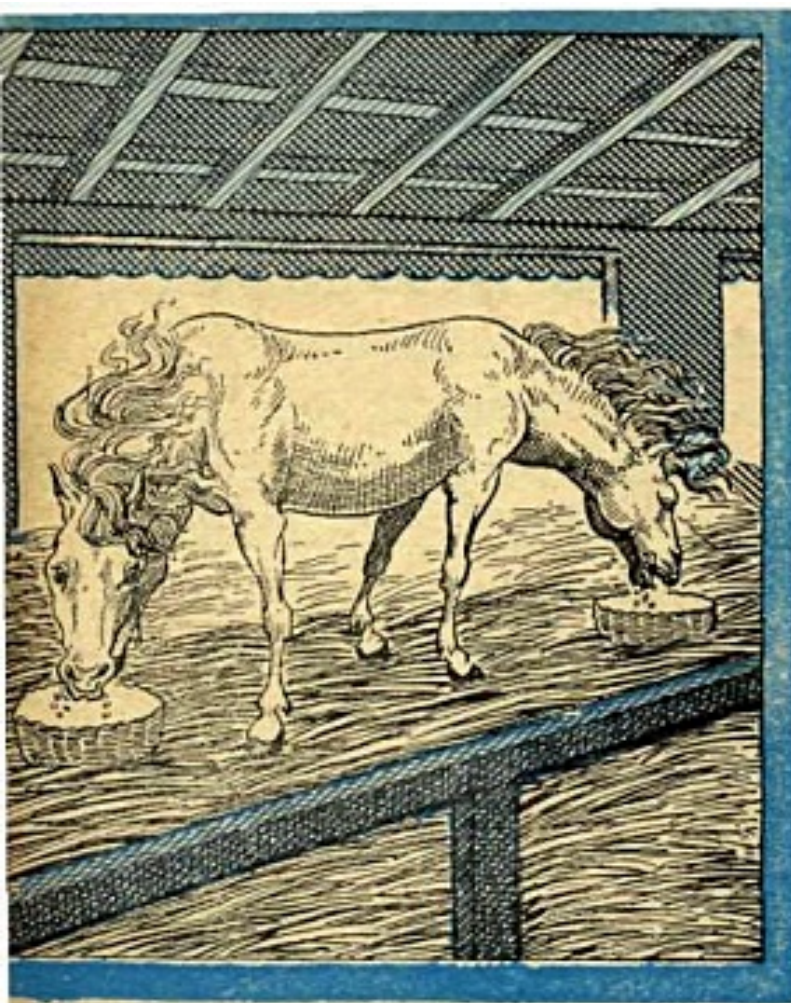
Lord Buddha smiled at the King's superstition. "Tell me your dreams," he said, "and I'll tell you what they signify."

"My Lord," the King said, "in my first dream I saw four bulls rush into the palace courtyard, bellowing frightfully. People gathered to see them fight. But the bulls departed without fighting at all. What does this dream portend?"

"O King," the Buddha replied, "this dream does not portend anything to you or to your epoch. In future there will be evil rulers. In their reign, clouds gather in the sky, but there will be no rain. The people who hope for the rain will be disappointed."

"Then I saw a strange thing," the King said. "The plants which came out of the soil began to flower and bear fruit without growing to their full height. What does it signify?"





“During the sinful times of which I have already spoken, girls will be married too young, and they will become mothers before they are fully grown up. That is what your dream signifies,” the Buddha replied.

“Then I saw cows sucking milk from very small calves,” the King said. “What does it mean?”

“It means,” the Buddha replied, “that in the evil days which are to come, old people will have to

depend upon the young for their sustenance.”

“In the next dream,” the King said, “I saw men unyoke strong and sturdy oxen and set young steers to yoke. What can it mean?”

“In days to come,” the Buddha replied, “foolish kings will remove wise and capable men from the helm of statecraft and put incapable favourites of their own in their place. But these weaklings will not be able to move forward.”

“Later, I saw a queer horse which had a mouth at both ends. With both the mouths it was eating up fodder. What does this dream signify?” the King asked.

“The dream tells,” the Buddha replied, “how, in future, the corrupt officials of justice will fatten themselves with bribes taken from both sides of a dispute, instead of dispensing real justice.”

“Please tell me the meaning of this dream,” the King asked

the Buddha. "I saw a man weaving a rope. As he threw it down at his feet, a she-jackal was swallowing it up without his knowledge."

"In times to come," the Buddha replied, "society will be very corrupt. In such a society, sinful women will be wasting away for their vanity the hard-earned savings of their husbands."

"And then I saw a strange thing," the King said. "Near the palace I saw a big pitcher full of water and there were several empty ones around it. People of all castes were bringing water and pouring it in the big pitcher. They did not seem to notice that the pitcher was overflowing or that the other pitchers were empty. What does it signify?"

"There will come a time," the Buddha replied, "when there will be no social justice. The people will toil hard and overfill the King's treasury, while their own homes stand empty and poor."



"Then I saw rice boiling in a pot," the King said. "One part of the rice was overcooked, another well cooked and yet another part not cooked at all."

"This shows the state of agriculture that will exist in future," the Buddha replied. "The rulers will not take precautions to avoid floods and droughts. So there will be floods in one part of the land, enough rain in another part and no rain in yet another part. And crops will be uneven."

“Lord, I saw men hawking highly precious sandalwood in the streets and exchanging it for money,” the King said. “What does it mean?”

“It means that, in future, fallen preachers sell sacred precepts in order to enjoy worthless worldly possessions,” the Buddha replied.

“In my dreams,” the King said, “I saw many horrid things. I saw heavy rocks and stones floating away in water. I saw a batch of royal swans following a common crow. I saw goats chasing panthers and devouring them, while wolves stood shivering with fear. Do they not signify evil?”

“O King,” the Buddha replied, “you have nothing to fear from

these dreams. They do not pertain to you or your times. They signify what is going to happen in future times. Great statesmen will be set adrift by foolish kings after they are deprived of their real work. Noble men will be compelled to walk behind worthless fellows who will be raised to high positions. Low-born lords will frighten the people of worth who have been deprived of their power. These persons will run the risk of being victimized, and sometimes punished, for being high-born. This is the real meaning of your dreams.”

King Bimbisara was rid of all his fears and doubts. He put a stop to the arrangements for sacrifices and gave a feast in honour of the Lord.





MANDARA-DEVA, King of Marala Island, was taking a walk in his garden when he heard a great commotion in the direction of the fort gate. There was the tumultuous noise of the crowd and the sharp cries of the guards. Wondering what it could be, Mandara-deva proceeded towards the gate.

He arrived at the gate and saw his Minister exhorting the people to be calm. Some of the guards saw the King coming and told the Minister about it. The Minister turned round and walked up to the King.

"What is all this?" the King asked the Minister.

"Sire, it is only a rumour for the time being," the Minister replied, "though I am afraid there may be some truth in it. The fact is," he added looking towards the gate, "some fishermen have brought news that we are going to be attacked by Naravahana of Kundalini. We already know that there has been a great revolt of the people in Kundalini and that there was anarchy. It appears that Naravahana, an army chief, declared himself King. Having heard that Naravahana is marching on us, our people have become panicky. I am advising them to be calm."



King Mandara-deva nodded his head in approval.

"I am hoping to learn the truth before sunset," the Minister went on. "Our spies will be back soon. In any case, I have sent word to our Commander-in-Chief to take all precautions against an invasion."

"Well," Mandara-deva said, after some moments of thinking, "inform me of the facts as soon as you hear them. I shall be waiting for you." Then he turned and walked back to the palace.

The Minister climbed up on to one of the battlements on the top of the fort wall. From here one could get a view of the ocean for several miles. The Minister peered into the distance and saw a lone ship on the horizon. Every minute it was becoming more distinct. Undoubtedly it was the intelligence ship which the Minister was waiting for impatiently.

He looked up and saw the sky becoming overcast with dark and fearsome clouds. He sighed, wondering what the clouds portended to his beloved country.

As soon as he heard from the Minister, the Commander-in-Chief began to assemble an army. The Marala Island was very often subject to invasion from neighbouring island states. So every male citizen was taught soldiering, by the order of the King.

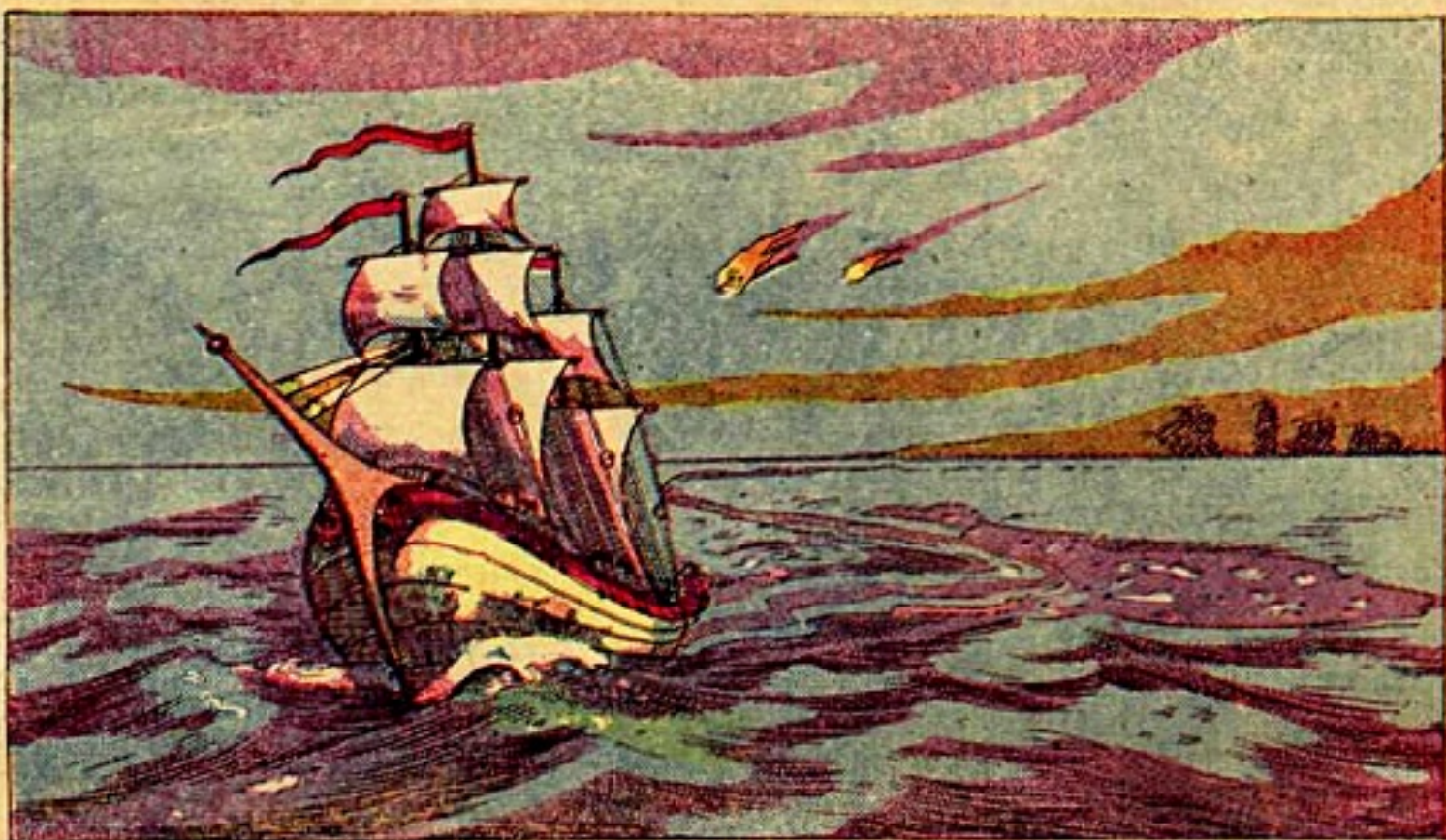
The Commander-in-Chief proceeded to the coast with a big contingent of soldiers. The Navy was being made ready for battle with the enemy ships, should it become necessary. Signals were

sent out through the blowing of conches and the beating of drums, ordering the marines to report themselves for duty.

The Minister who was standing on the fort wall could see all this activity. He felt very happy at the alertness of the Commander-in-Chief and his other officers. But his happiness was short-lived, for what he had mistaken for a dark cloud on the horizon now turned out to be a fleet. It was the enemy fleet which was fast overtaking the intelligence ship. Dark spurts of smoke appeared

amidst the enemy fleet, and flaming arrows raced towards the intelligence ship.

Now the Minister knew that the news brought by the fishermen was quite accurate. The Minister ground his teeth in rage. He could not understand this Naravahana of Kundalini who was making an invasion without either a warning or an ultimatum. The Minister had heard of only one person who had behaved in this fashion. That person was the Sorcerer Sakteya who had plundered several islands, some





two centuries back, without warning his victims. But then, he was not really a king but a sorcerer and his inconsiderate behaviour could be understood, if not admired.

The Marala Navy must have sighted the enemy fleet, for the ships left the coast and began to go out to meet the enemy. The marines shouted fiercely as the ships sailed forth at a great speed. The two fleets met for battle a couple of miles out from the Marala shore.

In the meantime, the Marala soldiers began to come on to the fort walls to take their positions in defence of the fort in case the navy failed to hold or beat back the enemy. The Minister called one of the soldiers and ordered him to go to the King and inform him about the situation.

When he again turned towards the sea, the naval fight was going on furiously. Both sides were fighting desperately. They were trying to set fire to the ships belonging to the other side by throwing flame-arrows. Some ships caught fire and their crew were jumping into the waters to save themselves, while the enemy who got possession of these burning ships were trying to put out the fires which they themselves had caused.

As the Minister watched the course of the naval battle, he began to doubt whether his navy would come out victorious. He was very anxious that the intelligence ship should arrive. For, with it he would get reliable





“His Majesty is not to be found anywhere!” the soldier gasped out.

“What do you mean?” the Minister demanded. “How can you say that?”

“Sir,” the soldier replied, “when I went to the palace I found it in confusion. A couple of maids said that they had heard the King cry for help, from his chamber, a few minutes before. Then the guards searched for him everywhere in the palace, but found no trace of him. Two of his body-guards are also missing.”

The Minister suspected treachery when he heard of the missing body-guards. He thought that this might be another manifestation of the strange morality which Naravahana, the new ruler of Kundalini, was putting into practice. But what was to be done now? The entire palace had already been searched. That meant that the King had already been taken beyond the fort. Yet, the King’s abductors

information regarding the affairs of Kundalini and the recent changes that had taken place there. It was essential that he should know about Naravahana, and the people over whom he now ruled.

The Minister heard somebody running and panting, and turned back. The soldier whom he had sent to the King was coming back as though he was being chased.

“What happened?” the Minister asked him anxiously. “Why have you raced back to me?”

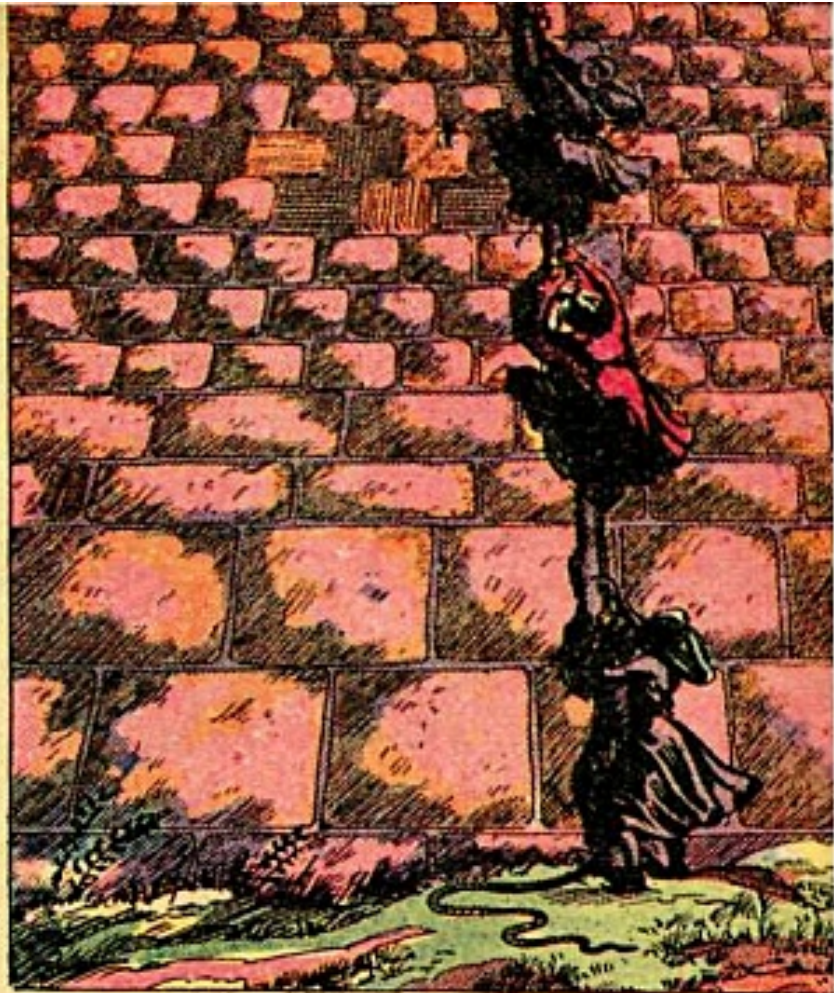


could not have gone very far. Having argued it out thus, the Minister took a handful of soldiers with him and began to run along on the top of the fort walls, looking down below for the King. His quest was fruitful. In a certain place the Minister saw three men going down a rope, one end of which was tied to a peg in the fort wall.

“There they are!” he shouted to the soldiers, “His Majesty and his body-guards!”

What was to be done now? He could cut down the rope which the three of them were descending. But, if he did so, not only the treacherous body-guards but also the King would fall down and die. Nor could he stand there watching the rascals abduct his King.

Very close to the fort wall there was a moat and across the moat a narrow plank serving as a bridge. Beyond the moat the Minister saw three horses harnessed for riding. Soon the rascals would take the King over



the plank and ride away with him. These body-guards must have been the spies of Naravahana, sent for the express purpose of abducting the King.

The Minister looked towards the sea and found his intelligence ship very near the shore. But he also saw that two of the Kundalini ships had almost reached the shore. The situation was getting more and more dangerous. He turned to the soldiers and said, “I want four of you to go to the rescue of His

Majesty. Let no one know of this mishap. Hurry off!"

Four of the soldiers volunteered and hastened away to rescue the King. When the Minister looked down again, the two traitors were leading the King towards the horses on the other side of the moat. The King was walking in front and the other two walked behind, with their swords drawn. Soon they got the King upon one of the horses and made him ride ahead while they rode behind. The minister saw that they were making for the shore.

Presently the four soldiers forming the rescue party rode out of the East Gate and raced in the same direction in which the King had been taken. The traitors

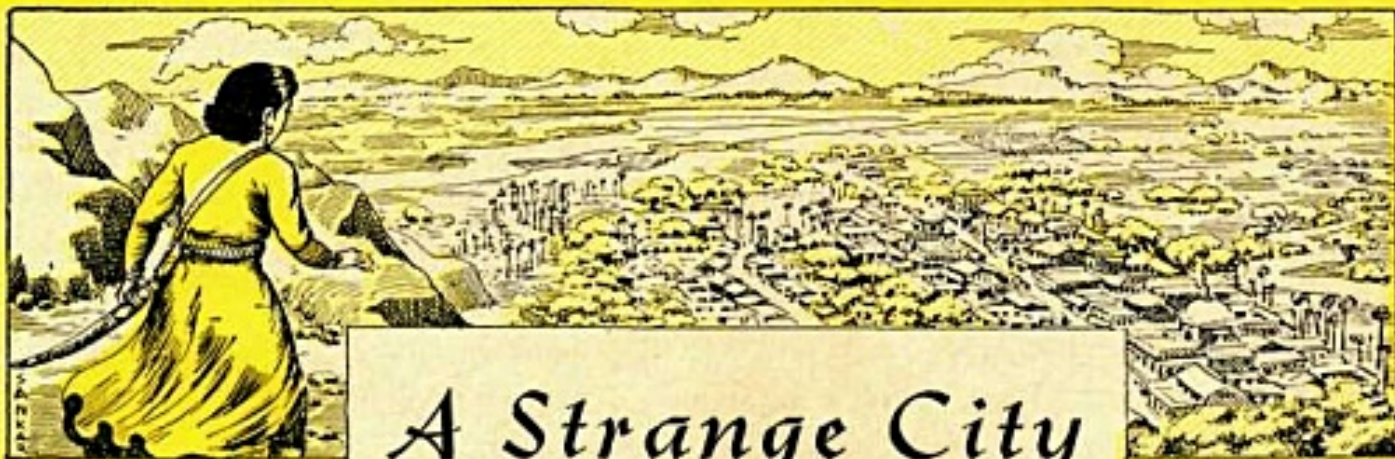
heard the sound of horses galloping, looked behind and found that they were being pursued. They touched the King in his back with the points of their swords, and made him gallop his horse.

The Minister who was still on the fort walls saw everything. He looked once at the King who was being abducted and once at the shore which the enemy fleet was now approaching, put his hands on his chest, saw the overcast sky and said, "O Mother Marali, what is in store for us!"

As if in answer to him, there was a loud peal of thunder and a dazzling flash of lightning which appeared to shake the entire island for a few moments.

(To be continued)





A Strange City

IN Mithila there was once a *Kshatriya* youth called Yasha-varadhan. He was brave and daring. He was also quick-tempered. Being afraid of none, he led a reckless and adventurous life, and committed many atrocities. If anyone dared to question him he killed him without the least hesitation.

After a time, his sinful career came to an abrupt end. He had the misfortune to fall foul of the King's brother-in-law. Both of them drew swords. But, before the other could lift his sword, Yasha-varadhan pierced him through the heart and killed him. The news reached the King's ears and an order was issued that Yasha-varadhan should be killed at sight.

Yasha-varadhan had to flee from the country if he wanted to avoid death. So he got upon his horse and rode away. He raced his horse so fast that after some hours it fell down dead. By then Yasha-varadhan had come a long way but he did not know whether he was out of the kingdom or not. He was afraid that the King's men might follow him and overtake him. So he ran in the dark across mountain paths and forests, till by dawn he came on to a mountain peak.

Here he rested awhile and looked back. Nobody appeared to be following him. Then he looked into the valley on the other side of the hill, and he saw an unusually nice city.

The sight of the city put new life into Yasha-varadhan, for there was no such city in the kingdom from which he was fleeing, so far as his knowledge went. This must belong to another kingdom, and he would live here safe and happy.

Having made this decision, Yasha-varadhan descended into the valley. On the way, he met a shepherd and asked him, "What is the name of that town below?"

"Dharma-nagar!" the shepherd replied. Yasha-varadhan had never heard of it.

Yasha-varadhan found something strange and unusual about this city. He began to walk along the broad streets between tall buildings. He saw a lot of men and women going about and others standing in small groups and talking.

"This must be a place devoid of sin," Yasha-varadhan told himself. "Nobody seems to be unhappy." At that very moment he saw something which took his breath away.

He had come near to a shop. He saw the shop-keeper in conver-



sation with a customer. A young man, who had observed that the shop-keeper was pre-occupied, snatched something out of the shop, looked around to see that he was not observed, and began to walk away calmly. But he had taken hardly four paces along the road, when there was a terrible sound, the ground opened under the young man's feet and the young man went down.

Then the ground closed again, leaving no indication of the mishap.

Yasha-vardhan, who saw all this, stood petrified. He observed that others too had seen this happening, but they did not appear to be surprised at all. Evidently this was a common thing for them. They stood for a moment and then passed on.

Soon Yasha-vardhan learned that the citizens of this place met their end only in this fashion. He saw the ground open up in many parts of the city, and swallow many more persons. But nowhere did he see a man or a woman die accidentally. Only



such people as did acts of crime against other human beings were swallowed up by the earth in this manner.

For instance, in a certain place he saw one man try to stab another man in the back, and before he could accomplish his crime, the ground opened under him and he was swallowed up. In another place four men were running after a woman, intending to catch her by force, when they were all swallowed up, and the ground closed over them again.

Yasha-varadhan tried to understand these strange and sudden deaths. "Why do these people commit crimes knowing full well that Mother Earth will not spare them?" he said to himself.

"Where do you come from, son?" Yasha-varadhan was

startled by the question. He saw a sage standing near him.

"I come from Mithila, father!" he replied.

"Do men die with fore-knowledge of death in your Mithila?" the sage asked Yasha-varadhan. "Are they repenting and stopping from acts of sin, for that reason?"

Yasha-varadhan suddenly seemed to see light. He began to recollect all his sinful deeds.

"Father, I too was a sinner," he said to the sage. "As a matter of fact, I came to this city in order to escape death. Now I have realised that what I should escape was not death but sin! Kindly teach me how to lead a virtuous life!"

The sage took Yasha-varadhan with him and taught him the path of virtue and righteousness.



THE VIRTUOUS WOLF!

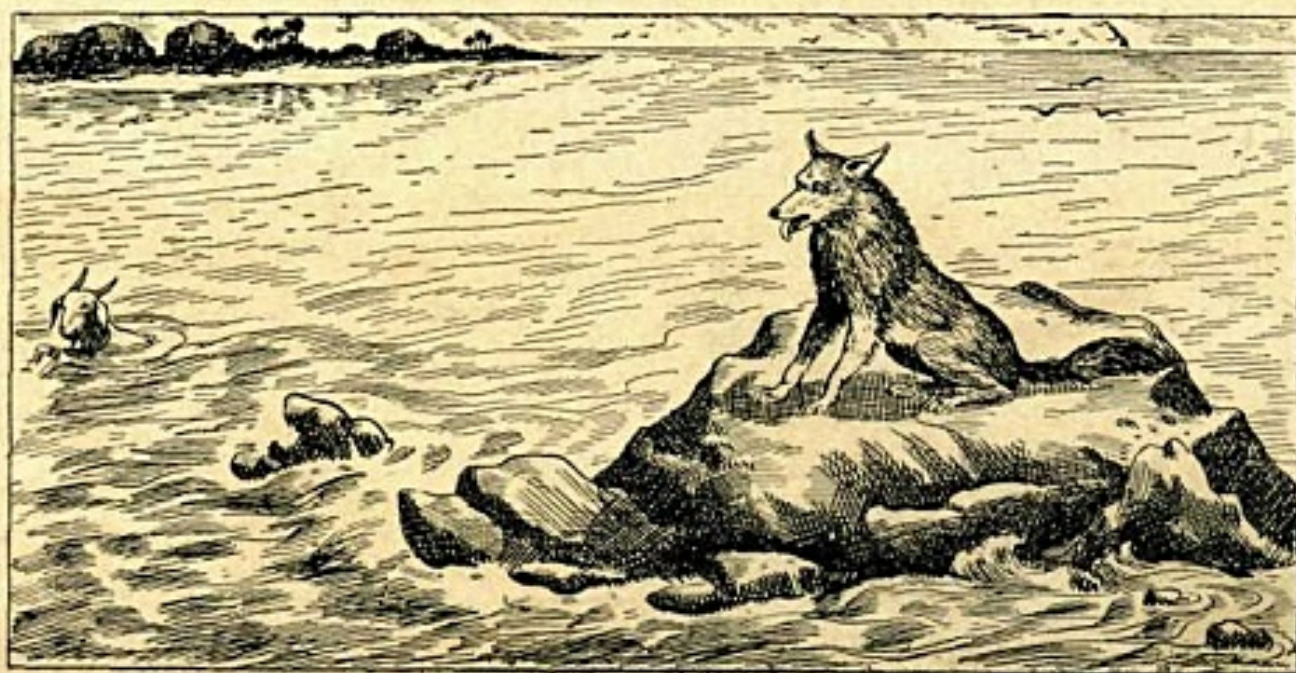
ONE day a wolf was prowling on the banks of the Ganges, searching for food, when the river rose and the flood waters chased him on to a rock. There was no way by which the wolf could get out of the flood or find something to eat.

"What a fool I am!" the wolf thought, recollecting that it was the eleventh day of the moon. "If I fast today I shall go to heaven! Why have I been thinking of eating?"

Just at that moment a goat came swimming along with the current and got upon the rock on which the wolf was stranded.

"Here is food at last!" thought the wolf. "And I am hungry! Let me starve on the next eleventh day of the moon, in order to go to heaven!" Then he pounced upon the goat. But the goat jumped into the water again and swam off.

"How lucky I am that I didn't spoil my fast!" the wolf thought. "I nearly missed Heaven that time!"





MAGNANIMITY

VIKRAM once again went back to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to walk towards the burial-ground. "O King," said the Bethal of the corpse, "You remind me of Dhananjaya. He too kept his word at any cost. Let me tell you his story." Then he began the following tale:

Dhananjaya was an extremely rich man who belonged to the city of Bhadra-vati. Most people make a name by amassing wealth, but Dhananjaya gained all his fame by never refusing anyone who sought his help. His entire life was spent doing charity. He attained the ripe old age of eighty without refusing alms even to an insignificant beggar.

Stories of Bethal

Some miles away from Bhadravati, there was another city. There, there lived a young man named Dheera-varma. He too was a very rich man. He heard of the great name which Dhananjaya had earned, and felt envious. "I am as rich as Dhananjaya," he said to himself. "What can prevent me from acquiring as much fame for charity as he has done?" He too began to spend his money in charities.

One day, Dheera-varma was sitting in the courtyard of his house, when an old woman

approached him and asked for alms. He put some money in her hands. She went out; but came back again by another gate, and again asked him for alms. Dheera-varma observed this, but all the same, he gave her money for a second time.

But the old woman came a third time and Dheera-varma gave her alms. But, when she came the thirteenth time, he got angry with her and said, "Woman, I have already given you alms twelve times, and still you keep coming for more!"





Instead of feeling guilty, the old woman flared up and said, "You think that you are magnanimous! But let me tell you, Dhananjaya's house has thirty-two gates. I went by all the gates and took alms from him. He did not recognise me even once, whereas you recognised me even the second time. Oh, how can you be compared with Dhananjaya!"

Then the old woman went away in disgust. Dheera-varma's pride was badly hurt by what the old woman had said. "I spend

all my time and money in doing charity," he thought. "Yet I find that I cannot equal this Dhananjaya. As long as he is alive, his shadow will be covering me. Death does not appear to be eager to take him away. I shall kill him myself, and remove the one obstacle that stands in the way of my earning fame!"

Accordingly, Dheera-varma mounted his horse and started out without telling anyone where and what it was for he was going. After travelling for a couple of days, he emerged out of the forest on the outskirts of Bhadra-vati.

Here Dheera-varma met an old man who walked alone, dressed in very simple clothes. This old man was none other than Dhananjaya, but Dheera-varma never suspected it, since he was alone and in ordinary clothes. It was Dhananjaya's habit to walk up to the forest and back, everyday.

"Sir," Dheera-varma asked the old man, "can you kindly direct me to Dhananjaya's house?"

“Do you know him?” the old man asked in return. “Do you want anything of him?”

“I do not want to meet him,” Dheera-varma replied. “It is enough if I can see him but once.”

Dhananjaya thought that there was something suspicious about this young man. “At the moment Dhananjaya is not in town,” he said to Dheera-varma. “But I can lodge you in his mansion. I can even manage that Dhananjaya will not know who you are and where you come from.”

“I shall be very much obliged, if you can do so,” Dheera-varma said. “Where is your residence?”

“I live in the same mansion as Dhananjaya. At one time, both of us were inseparables. Now I am one of his servants. He has grown big while I remain what I am,” the old man said.

“What a shame!” Dheera-varma said. Then they went to Dhananjaya’s mansion. The old man showed Dheera-varma his rooms, warned the servants not to reveal to the guest who he was



and to tell him that Dhananjaya was not in town.

Two days went by. Both morning and evening, Dhananjaya came to see Dheera-varma and conversed with him, but the latter did not reveal what brought him. Dhananjaya was certain about one thing: Dheera-varma had an evil motive behind his desire to see him. To confirm this Dhananjaya talked ill of himself, and found Dheera-varma listening to him anxiously.

On the morning of the third day Dhananjaya went to Dheera-

varma and said, "My son, Dhananjaya has returned. Would you like to go and meet him?"

"No, no!" Dheera-varma replied. "Let me see him once, from a distance. That will do."

"You may as well tell me of your purpose in coming here," Dhananjaya said. "I promise to fulfil it, however difficult it may be. I can give you the right advice. You need not hesitate."

After some hesitation Dheera-varma made Dhananjaya swear secrecy and told him about his evil intention. Dhananjaya was

astounded when he learned that Dheera-varma had come with the intention of killing him. Then he said, "This is not a very difficult thing to manage. Go to the forest outside the city at the hour of sunset, and you can get Dhananjaya alone."

That very evening, Dheera-varma mounted his horse and left the city. Soon he entered into the forest. He did not go far when he saw an old man walking before him. He drew his sword as he came up with the old man, and shouted, "At



last, death comes to you, old man !”

At that moment the old man looked back. Daheera-varma's hand did not descend. “You !” he shouted in surprise.

“Yes, my son ! It is I ! Many people asked of me many things, and I had never refused anyone. You alone asked for my life. Should I deny you ? Take what you have come for. There is none to hinder you !” Dhananjaya said. Dheera-varma shed tears. “Please forgive me !” he said pitifully.

“My son,” the old man replied, “there is nothing to forgive. Love of fame is not bad in itself. There are those who make wars and slay thousands in order to achieve fame. Your desire for fame is not a selfish one. You want to be famous by giving away what you have. You are a really nice person. I am very near my end. Since I am standing in the way of your fame, kill me without hesitation.”

Dheera-varma fell at the feet of the old man and said, “Sir, I insist upon being punished for



my evil intentions. I beg you to punish me. You should not refuse me what I ask for."

"Well," said the old man thoughtfully, "let me devise a punishment for you. Assume my name, go to my house and live there for the rest of your life, while I assume your name, go to your place and spend the rest of my life there."

Dheera-varma agreed to this.

Having narrated this tale, Bethal said, "O King, what was the real reason for which Dheera-varma did not kill Dhananjaya? Why did Dhananjaya make a free gift of his great name to Dheera-varma? If you know the answer and still do not speak, your head shall split!"

"There is only one good reason why Dheera-varma did not

kill Dhananjaya," Vikram replied. "That was because, if once he let Dhananjaya make a gift of life, Dheera-varma would never equal him. The old man made it plain that he was making a gift of his own life. So Dheera-varma changed his mind about killing Dhananjaya and insisted upon punishment. As for Dhananjaya, he made a gift of his name to Dheera-varma for a very good reason. He had very little life left, whereas Dheera-varma was a youth with all his life ahead of him. Dhananjaya wished that his name should not die with him but live *as long as Dheera-verma lived.*"

The King's silence was thus broken, and Bethal disappeared with the corpse and went back to the tree.





Proof Positive

IN a certain village there was a gardener named Papa. He was an expert in growing prize-quality vegetables. He had only a small plot of land, but he made the best use of it. He would prepare the beds, and manure and grow first-rate vegetables which would fetch a good price. With this money he lived a contented life. He loved his vegetables so much that he would give each one of his favourites a pet name.

In the same village there was another gardener called Gowra. His plot was much bigger than that of Papa. He was very ambitious to earn lots of money, but he never had the knack, nor the patience, to grow good vegetables. Papa's vegetables always fetched more money.

"Look at that Papa," friends would sneer at Gowra. "He is not educated like you. Yet he beats you in growing vegetables."

One year, Papa grew pumpkins of an extraordinary size. No one had ever seen pumpkins that big. Seeing them, Papa was beside himself with joy. He named them, "Mammoth," "Gold Vessel," "Big Sister," "Lakshmi" and so forth. There were forty giant pumpkins in his plot.

On the eve of the day of the fair, Papa went to his plot and marked the big pumpkins. Then he went home intending to come with his cart early next morning, and take them away to the fair and sell them. That night he slept uneasily. To him, selling these pumpkins at the fair

was just like sending his own daughters to their husbands.

Early next morning, Papa got up from his bed, got his cart ready and went to his plot. When he went amidst the pumpkin creepers and looked for his favourites, his heart jumped. For someone had already taken them away! Papa felt that he was going mad. He cursed the thieves.

Suddenly he had an idea. He could trace his pumpkins, after all! There were forty of those giant pumpkins, and all of them

would not disappear so easily. There was only one place, the fair, where they could have gone.

Papa got into his cart and drove to the fair. Then he began to look into all the vegetable stalls. And, sure enough, he found all his pumpkins in a heap in one of the stalls. Papa went up to the owner of the stall and shouted, "You thief! Are you not ashamed of stealing my pumpkins and putting them up for sale publicly?"

The owner of the stall was taken aback by this outburst of



Papa. "I never stole any pumpkins!" he protested. "Gowra of your village has just sold them to me for ten rupees."

The persons who were hanging around told Papa that Gowra had not gone yet. While they went to fetch Gowra, Papa went to the officer in charge of the fair, and complained that Gowra stole his pumpkins and sold them for ten rupees.

The officer followed Papa to the stall, where Gowra was also brought.

"How can you prove that these pumpkins are yours?" the officer asked Papa.

"Don't I know them?" Papa shouted. "Didn't I grow them? Here is Mammoth, here is Lakshmi!" He began to name each one of the pumpkins.

The people who gathered there laughed at Papa's simplicity. The officer too joined the laughter. "I am convinced that you can identify the pumpkins," he said to Papa. "But how do you *prove* that they are yours?"



Papa was at a loss to answer that question.

The officer now turned to Gowra and said, "Papa is accusing you of having stolen his pumpkins. What have you to say to that?"

"Oh, everyone knows that he is a simpleton," Gowra replied. "I always keep an account of the vegetables I grow. If your honour wants to see my account-book, I can go and get it."

On hearing this Papa came out of his gloom. "Sir," he said to the officer, "I too have my account-book which will show you that these pumpkins are truly mine. May I go and get it?" Gowra laughed loudly when he heard these words.

The officer sent his men along with both the gardeners, so that

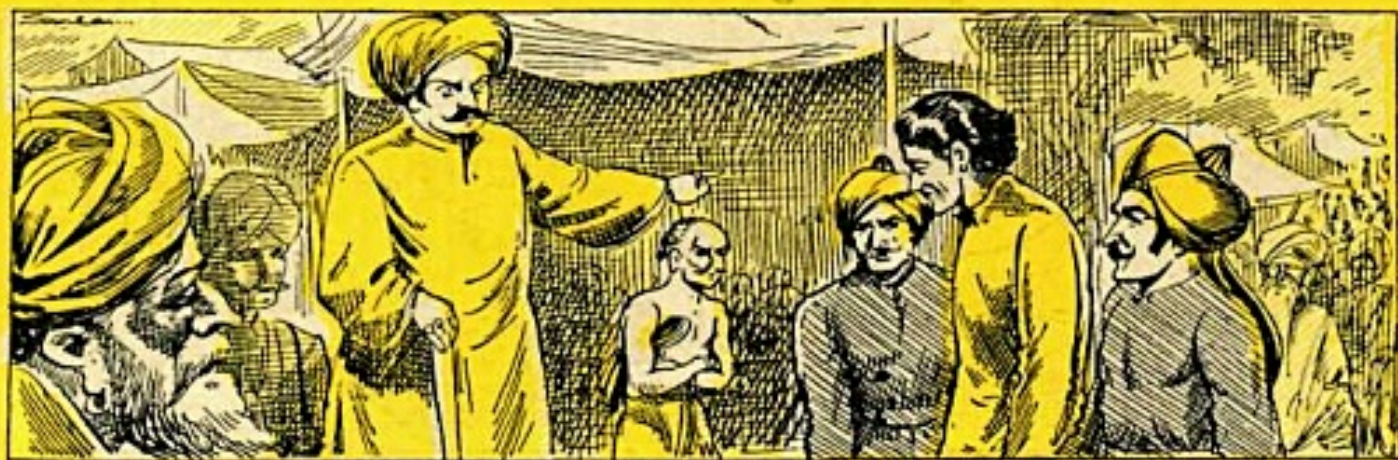
they could bring back evidence to prove their claims. After a time they returned. Gowra carried his account-book while Papa brought a bundle.

Gowra's book contained an entree of forty pumpkins which came out of his plot and were taken to the fair that very day.

"What about you?" the officer asked Papa.

"Here it is!" Papa said as he undid the bundle, exhibiting forty stalks. He took each one of the stalks and showed that it fitted one of the pumpkins. All the stalks fitted all the pumpkins without a single mistake.

Gowra's guilt was proved and established. He was made to pay the price of the pumpkins to Papa on the spot. Since then Gowra was called "pumpkin thief."



THE CROW AND THE OWL.

God sent for all the animals and said to them:

"In order to have a good government men are appointing a King to rule them. Why don't you do likewise?"

The animals, accordingly, assembled and chose the Lion to be their King.

Seeing this, the fish in the sea elected a fish called Ananda to be their King and rule them.

Then the birds too assembled in order to elect a King for themselves.

Someone suggested that the Owl should be elected King of Birds. But the Crow objected.

"Even without power and a crown," the Crow said, "his face is so fearsome. How will he look as an angry King? I don't want him!"

At once, the Owl got angry and chased the Crow. Since then they are enemies.





SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I was so much surrounded with pleasures that I gradually forgot all my hardships, and I began to tire of the easy life I was leading. The urge to see new places and earn more profits took possession of me. There is no doubt that avarice is dangerous. I was to learn this truth soon enough.

I bought some rich merchandise and took it to Basrah. There I saw a huge merchant vessel ready to set sail. I found several friendly merchants ready for a voyage. I could depend upon them in an hour of need. I joined them and got into the vessel. After due prayers we weighed anchor.

At the very outset we had good omens. Wherever we touched land we had profitable trade. We saw many strange things, and nothing happened to mar our happiness. It promised to be a fine voyage.

THIRD VOYAGE

CHITRA

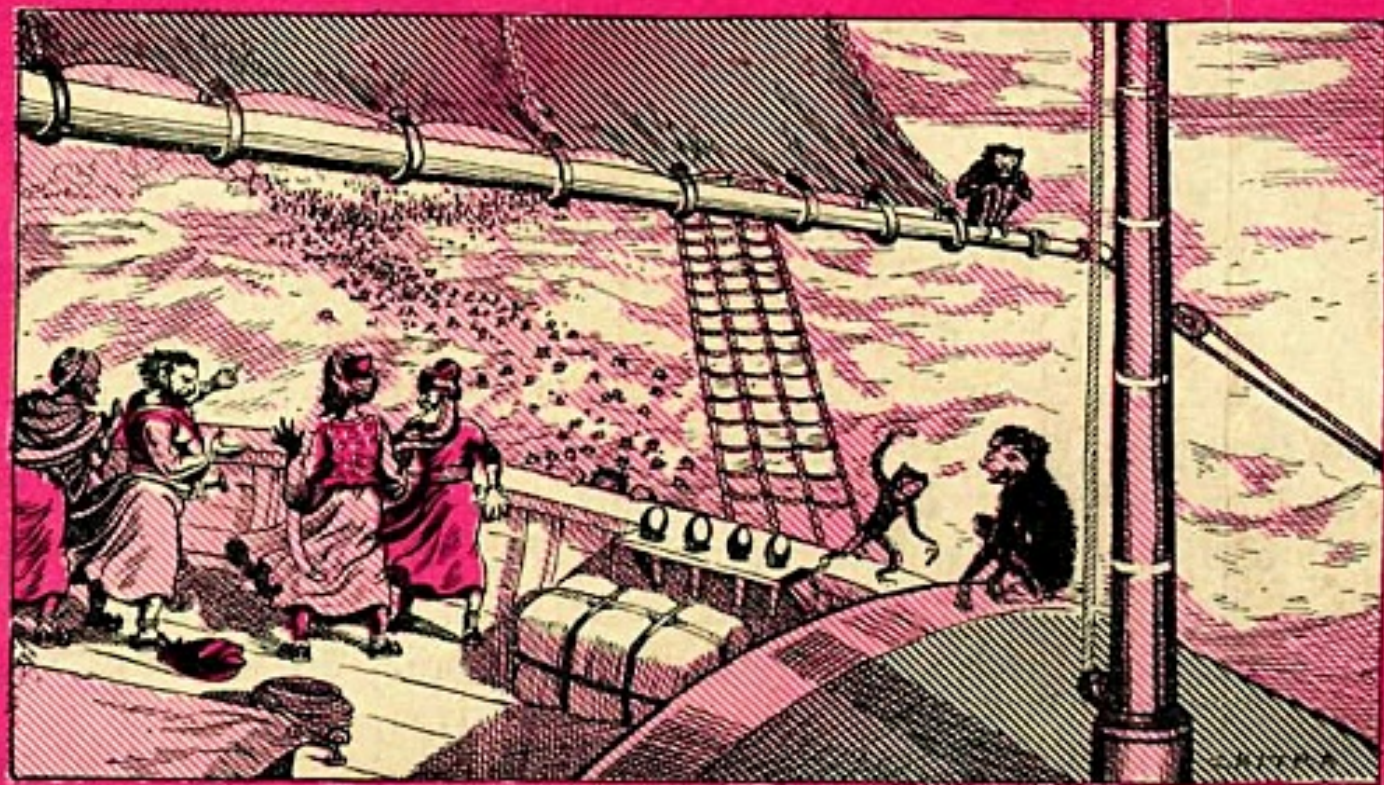
We were very far away from the land of Islam, when, one day, the captain of our vessel, who was gazing at the horizon, suddenly smacked his forehead with his palm, pulled at his beard, tore his shirt and dashed his turban on the deck.

Seeing him thus perturbed, we surrounded him and asked him, "What is the matter?"

"Ah, my friends," the captain wailed. "We have been duped by the wind, which has brought us to a region on the ocean which we should have avoided at

all costs. Because of our misfortune, we are sailing towards that island there. We are finished. For none has ever set foot on that frightful island and come back alive. It is the isle of monkeys, and we can consider ourselves dead!"

Even as he spoke these words, a large army of strange creatures, resembling a cloud of locusts, swam across the sea and soon surrounded our vessel, while some others stayed ashore and shrieked fearfully. Those shrieks were enough to chill anyone's blood.





We did nothing to provoke these beasts, for they were so many in number that they could have easily destroyed the entire lot of us. Indeed, courage never counts against numbers.

The monkeys came on to our ship and began to examine our cargo.

I can say that I had never seen any creatures more revolting than those monkeys. Their bodies were covered with long hairs. They had dark faces and green eyes. The tallest of them was not more than three spans high.

Their facial expressions and cries were extremely frightening. They were grinding their teeth, chattering and trying to talk to us, obviously. But we could not understand their language. We stood about utterly helpless to do anything.

Then those beasts ran up the mast, bit through the sail ropes and dropped the sails on deck. Then they got possession of the rudder and steered the ship to the shore. They took each one of us ashore, left us on the beach, got into the ship again and sailed away, out of our sight.

Now we were stranded on the island. But how could we stand there in the sand forever? So we started for the interior. Soon we came upon fruit trees and brooks. While plucking the fruit and eating them we saw a huge mansion in the distance.

We walked up to this mansion. It was a square and tall structure. A strong wall surrounded it. The gate in this wall was wide open. Nobody was guarding the gate. So we went right

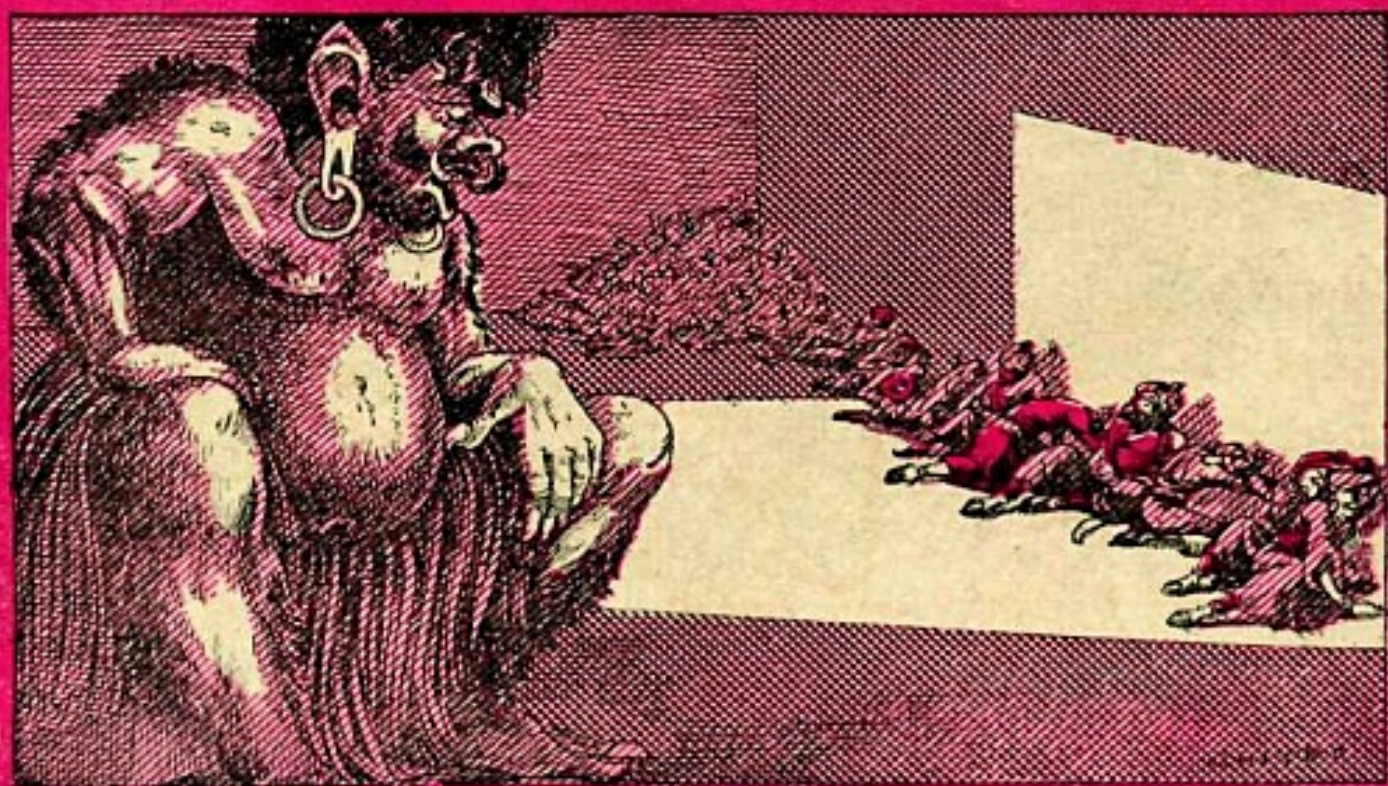


in. Inside, there was a spacious hall. Here we saw unusually large kitchen utensils and iron spits. On the floor there were mounds of bones, some of which were dry while others were quite fresh. We could not stand the foul odour, but, as we were extremely weary, we lay down and went to sleep.

Shortly after sunset we were awakened by a noise like thunder, and we saw an enormous, dark person stepping down through the ceiling. He was as tall as a palm, and uglier than the

monkeys. His eyes were red, shining like hot coals. He had front teeth which curled like the tusks of a boar. His lower lip was hanging down and his ears come down over his shoulders. His nails were like lion's claws.

We were petrified with fear of this demon. He sat on a bench by the wall and inspected us one by one. Then he got up, approached me, picked me up by the skin on my neck, as though I were a kitten, turned me this way and that, and felt my head. Evidently he was not satisfied



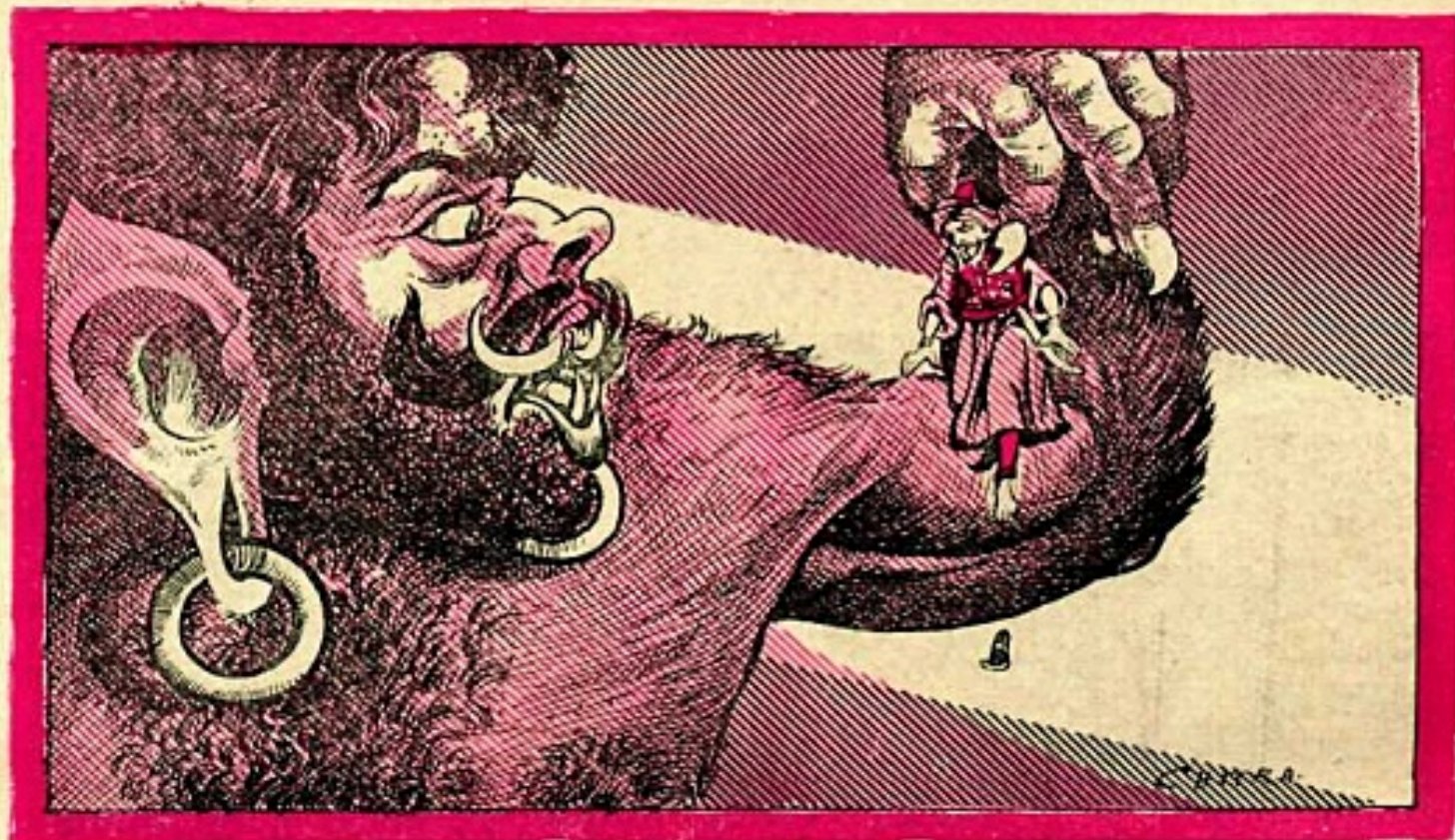
with me. I was always a thin person, and the hardships of the voyage made me much more skinny.

He threw me down, picked up the one by my side, examined him too, threw him down and picked up a third. After rejecting everyone else, he picked up our captain.

Our captain was a man of good build. So the demon killed him, spitted him and cooked him over the fire and ate him at leisure. He then lay down on the bench and began to snore loudly.

We were paralysed. We did not move until the demon woke up at dawn and went out. Then we wept over our miserable plight. We did not know what to do. There was nothing to prevent us from going out, so we left the building and began to search for a place where we could hide. But the island did not provide a single hiding place.

Some of us felt that it was better to drown ourselves in the sea than be killed and eaten up by this demon. Some others said that if we were prepared to



die we might as well die trying to kill the demon. Since death appeared unavoidable we decided to kill the demon somehow. After killing the demon we had no means of leaving the isle. So we gathered the wood which was on the shore and began to build a raft. By sunset we returned to the mansion.

The demon arrived at the usual hour, killed one more of us and ate him, after which he lay down on a bench and began to snore terrifically.

Then we put two of the spit-rods in the fire till they were glowing red. We carried the two rods to the demon and thrust the red-hot ends in his eyes. The demon began to roar with pain. We had managed to blind the

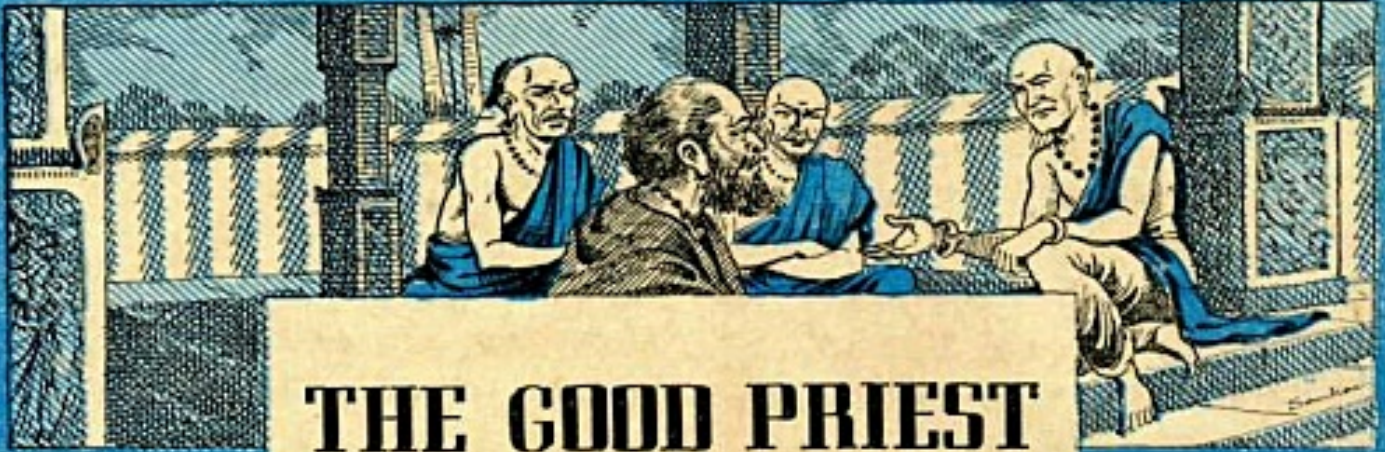
demon, but he was still alive. He groped all over the place to get hold of us, but we managed to keep out of his reach. Finally he found the door and went out. That was the chance for us to escape. We ran to the shore, got on to our raft and pushed off into the sea,

Just then we heard a great shout. We saw the blind demon walking towards the shore with the help of a she-demon who was much more ugly. They stood at the edge of the water and began to pelt us with large boulders. Some of the shots were so accurate that most of us fell into the sea and died.

Only three of us made good our escape on that raft.

(To be continued)





THE GOOD PRIEST

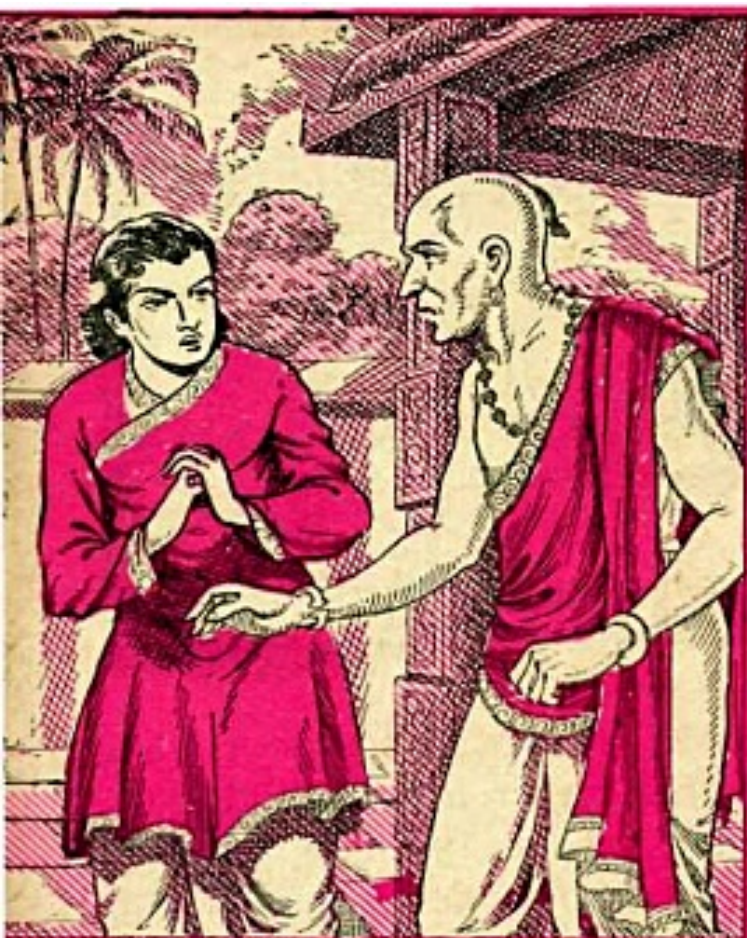
IN a certain village there was a priest in charge of a temple. Being a kind-hearted man, he would treat the common ailments of the poor, arbitrate disputes, console those who were in trouble. He made himself popular.

Along with his aged mother he lived in the small house that stood near the temple. He had neither wife nor child. The temple had a property of two acres, and he lived on the income from that land. He saved whatever he used to get from the villagers now and then. He had been the temple-priest for over twenty years, and the villagers either held him in great respect, or looked upon him as a father.

In the same village there lived a peasant called Kanaka. He

started life as a very poor man, lost his father in his childhood, herded sheep to maintain himself, then became an agricultural labourer, and managed to save money pie by pie. This money, which he saved by starving himself, he invested in the milk business and other trades. Soon he became one of the rich men of the village, built a good house for himself and acquired lands.

Of all the villagers belonging to his rank Kanaka was easily the richest. Everyone admired his capacity for thriving but no one liked his extreme greed. He had a bad name as a miserly man. Even after becoming rich, he would count every pie he spent and spend the minimum upon clothing and food. Besides



starving himself, he starved his wife and son too.

Govind was the only son of Kanaka. He was of marriageable age. Kanaka had two sisters, and both of them had daughters one of whom could become Govind's wife. Of the two girls, Kamala, the daughter of Kanaka's younger sister, was a beauty and a good-natured girl too. Govind was very anxious to marry her. But Kamala's mother was destitute. After her husband died she did chores to support herself and her daughter.

Kanaka's elder sister was better off. Her husband had a tract of land, of which he had sold a portion to Kanaka for a hundred rupees. Kanaka still owed him the money. Being a miserly man, Kanaka decided to marry his elder sister's daughter Lakshmi to Govind, and keep the hundred rupees as dowry.

As soon as Govind learned that his father intended to marry him to Lakshmi, and not Kamala, he went to see the priest and told him everything.

"I don't see why you should worry yourself," the priest said. "Go to your father and tell him straight that you want to marry Kamala alone."

"If I say that," Govind said, "my father will drive me out. Oh, he can be very mean about money. He would never sacrifice a hundred rupees under any circumstances. As for my younger aunt, she can never give me even a pie of dowry. It looks as though I am not destined to marry Kamala!" "Speak to your mother," the priest

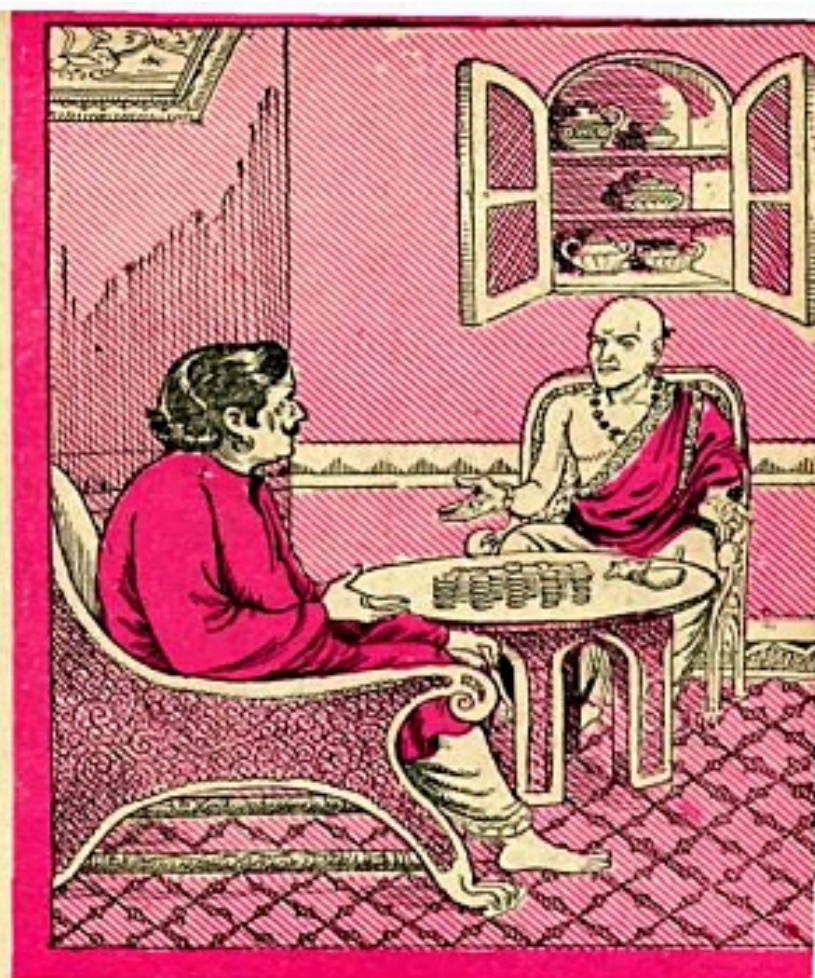
advised the boy. "If she fails to change your father's mind, we shall try some other source." Govind went away disappointed.

That evening the priest was sitting in the pavilion in the temple yard, when he saw someone go up the steps in the dark and enter the temple. He too went in and saw Kamala kneeling before the deity and praying. He saw tear stains on her cheeks and felt an odd sensation in his heart.

The priest was immersed in deep thought for a long time after Kamala departed, and then he came to a decision.

He woke up very early next morning and counted the money he had been saving over the years. Keeping back only a small fraction of it, he took the rest of the money and started for the town. Here he went to a goldsmith and bought fifty gold coins with his money, and returned back to his village.

Kanaka was surprised to see the priest pay him a visit. "You



re welcome, sir," he said. "It must be something important that has brought you to my house."

"I want your advice," the priest said, taking a seat. "A charitable person has given into my hands fifty gold coins, on condition that I bestow it upon a maid of marriageable age. He had no daughters of his own. I am an old bachelor myself. How can I decide who is the most deserving maid? It would be improper to seek the advice of those who have daughters. Now,

you are a man of the world. So I have come for your advice."

Kanaka pretended to think. He mentioned certain girls, but all of them happened to be either married, or rich, or of doubtful character. The priest shook his head at each name.

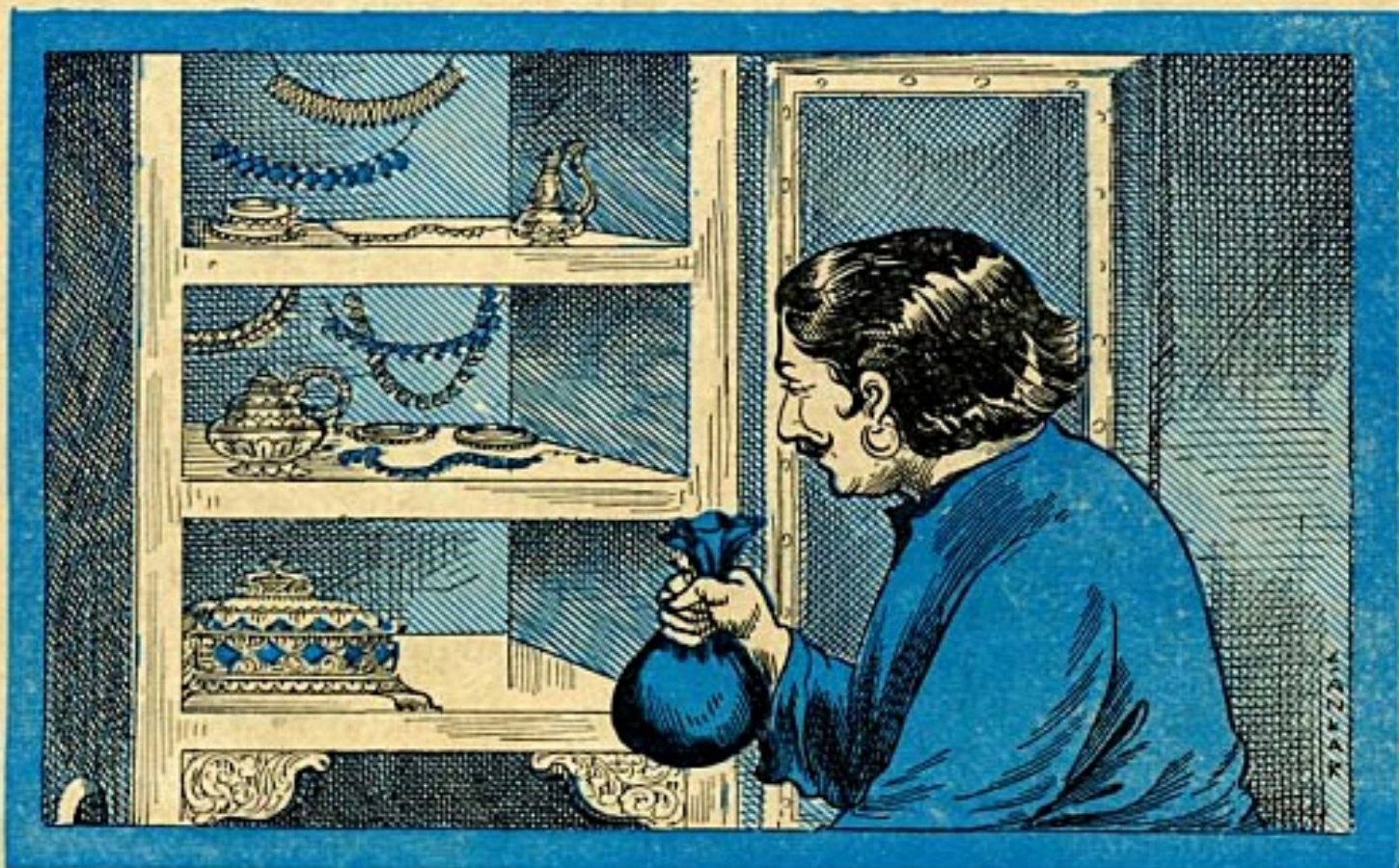
"Why," said Kanaka, as though he had just thought of it, "there is my elder sister's daughter, Lakshmi. She is not very rich. She is a good girl, and not married yet."

"If it comes to that," the priest said, "is not your other

niece, Kamala, more deserving than Lakshmi? Her poor mother has to slave to keep herself and the girl alive. I think that we shall give this gold to Kamala. Yes, she seems to be the correct person. I shall make up my mind in a day or two. In the meantime, will you please keep this gold for me? You see, I have no iron-safe with me."

As he said these words, the priest undid his bundle and revealed the shining coins.

The gold dazzled Kanaka. With the utmost respect he



gathered them and locked them up in the safe. The whole day, the lustre of gold would not go out of his eyes. How fine his safe looked with the gold inside it! In a day or two the gold would be taken away and the safe would never be the same again.

That evening, Govind payed the priest another visit.

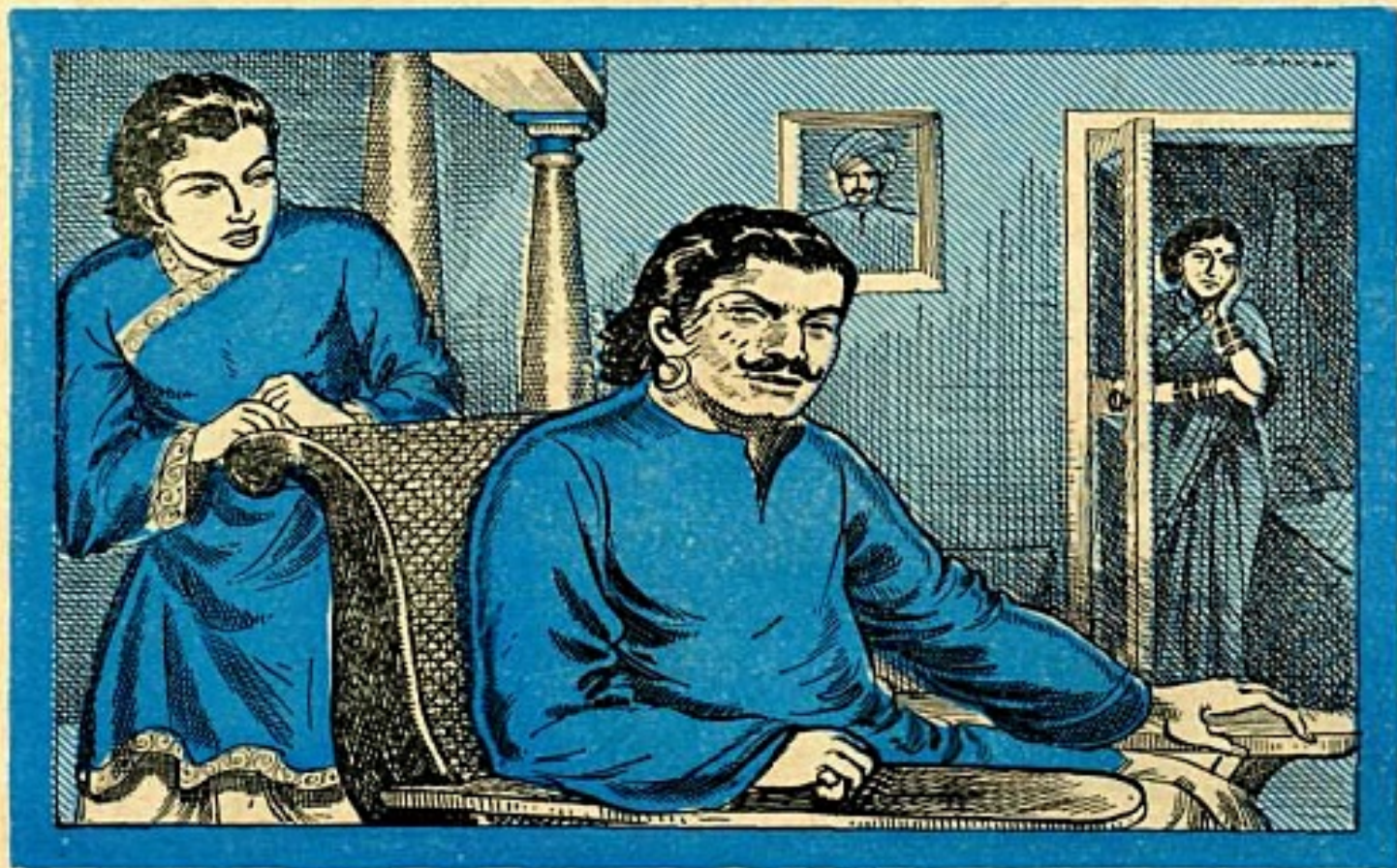
"Did you tell your father that you are going to marry Kamala, and none else?" the priest asked the young man.

"No, I did not," Govind replied. "It will be of no use.

My mother too said the same thing! It seems Kamala has not touched food since yesterday."

The priest suppressed a chuckle and pretended to get angry with Govind. "You fool," he hissed, "are you going to let poor Kamala starve to death? Go to your father at once and demand that you should marry Kamala. Your father dare not refuse you!"

These words of the priest put some courage into Govind. He went home and said to Kanaka. "Father, I will not marry Lakshmi. Let me marry Kamala



If I can't marry her, I prefer to remain unmarried."

At first, Kanaka was taken by surprise. But, on second thoughts, he felt that everything was happening for the best. The fact was, ever since the priest had said that he intended giving the gold to Kamala, Kanaka knew no mental peace. He worried himself as to how he could change the priest's mind and get him to give the gold to Lakshmi.

Now that Govind expressed a desire to marry Kamala, Kanaka felt great relief. The gold would now be his. It was a stroke of luck that Govind should suddenly decide to marry Kamala; he had never uttered her name before.

"All right, son," he said at last. "If you really want to marry Kamala, I am not the

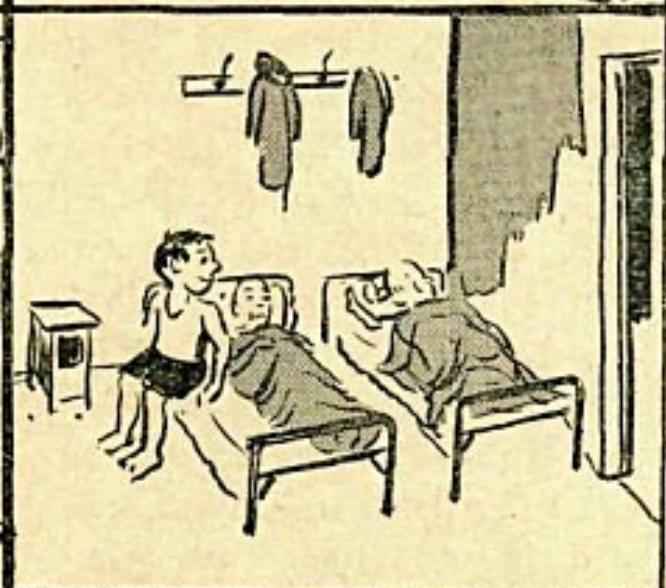
one to stand in your way." The same day he sent for his younger sister and told her about his intention of marrying his son to her daughter, Kamala.

Lakshmi's father heard about the new decision. He went to Kanaka and asked him, "Have you not agreed to have my Lakshmi for a daughter-in-law? Why did you change your mind?"

"I never changed my mind," Kanaka replied. "To me both the girls are the same. Only, Govind insisted on marrying Kamala. What could I do?"

Soon the marriage took place. The priest bestowed the fifty gold coins on the bride. But not a soul in the village knew how the good priest had brought about the marriage of Kamala and Govind.





D.K. CHAVAN.



THE BALLOON BOY

BALLOON! Balloon! Balloon!
 Who'll buy my cheap balloon,
 Of every hue and tint
 That in the sun doth glint;
 Of every shape and size
 That boys and girls do prize?
 Come buy, come buy

my cheap balloon,

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!

Who'll buy my bright balloon,
 That doth mock the peacock's tail,
 Make the flowers look so pale,
 Shame the sky at sunset seen
 And rival the rainbow sheen?
 Come buy, come buy

my bright balloon.

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
 Who'll buy my big balloon,
 Shaped like a ball by rule
 To play Rugger or Soccer at School;
 Like a pumpkin, marrow or gourd,
 Like all figures drawn on a board?
 Come buy, come buy my big balloon.

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!

Who'll buy my soft balloon,
 Softer than woven silk,
 Smoother than curdled milk;
 Soft and smooth as baby's cheeks,
 As curly clouds on purple peaks?
 Come buy, come buy

my soft balloon.

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
 Who'll buy my strong balloon,
 And let it fly thro' the town,
 Adrift, aloft, adown,
 Till it fall and roll and jump,
 Bumpety, Bumpety, bump?

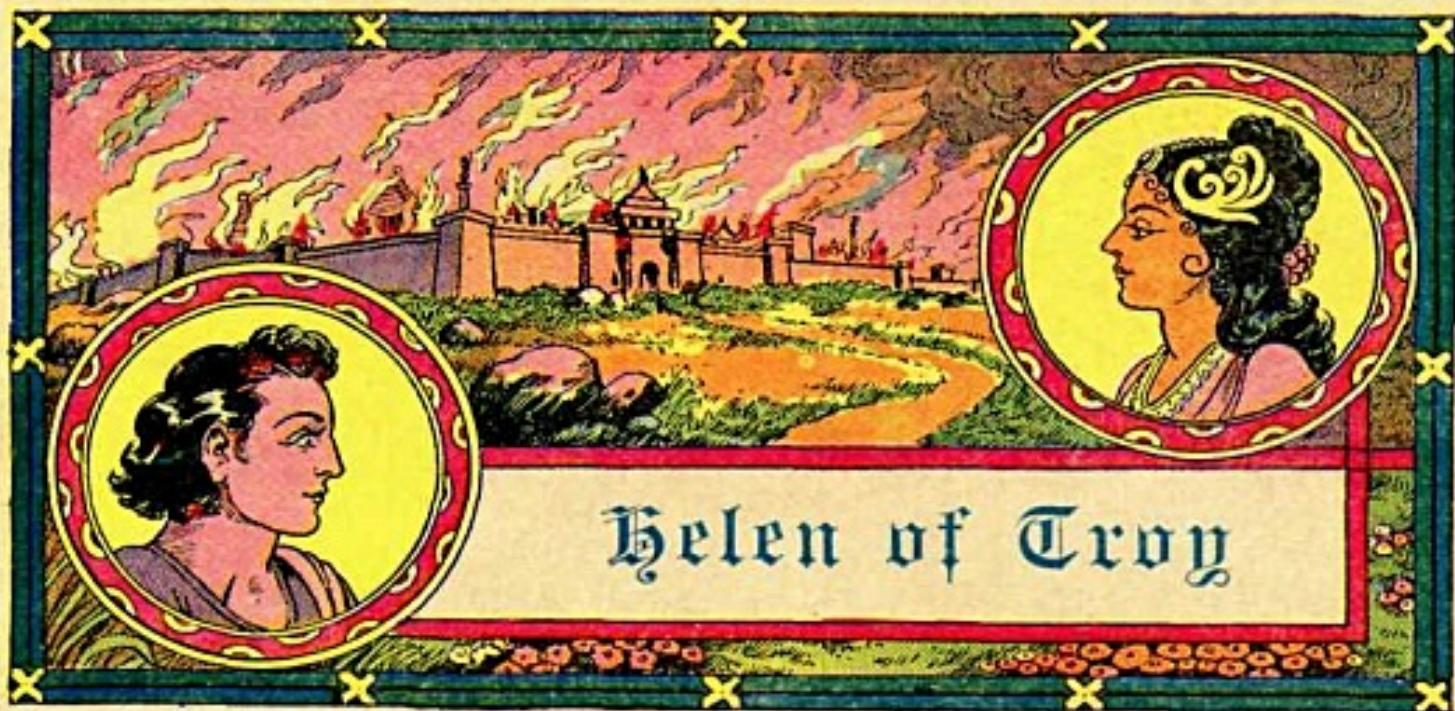
Come buy, come buy

my strong balloon.

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
 Who'll buy my light balloon?
 Fill it full with your breath,
 Till it surge and swell in girth;
 Blow, blow with all your might,
 Till it bulge and burst outright.
 Come buy, come buy

my light balloon.

—N. Kalyana Sundaram



Helen of Troy

2

(Priam, King of Troy, ordered his son, Paris, to be killed at birth as it was predicted that he would be the ruin of Troy. Agelaus, the cattleman, who was entrusted with the job, did not kill the infant but brought him up instead. One day, three fairies, Hera, Athene and Aphrodite came to Paris, asking him to judge which one was the fairest, and Paris selected Aphrodite because she promised Helen to him.)

EVER since Priam had given his babe over to Agelaus to be destroyed, he celebrated funeral games every year at Troy, in honour of his son who was supposed to have been dead soon after his birth.

Soon after Paris gave the "apple of discord" to Aphrodite,

these games fell due. Priam's servants came to Mount Ida and asked the cattleman to select the best of the bulls to take part in the funeral games.

Paris had never witnessed these games. He was particularly anxious to see the sports, and he insisted upon going to Troy.

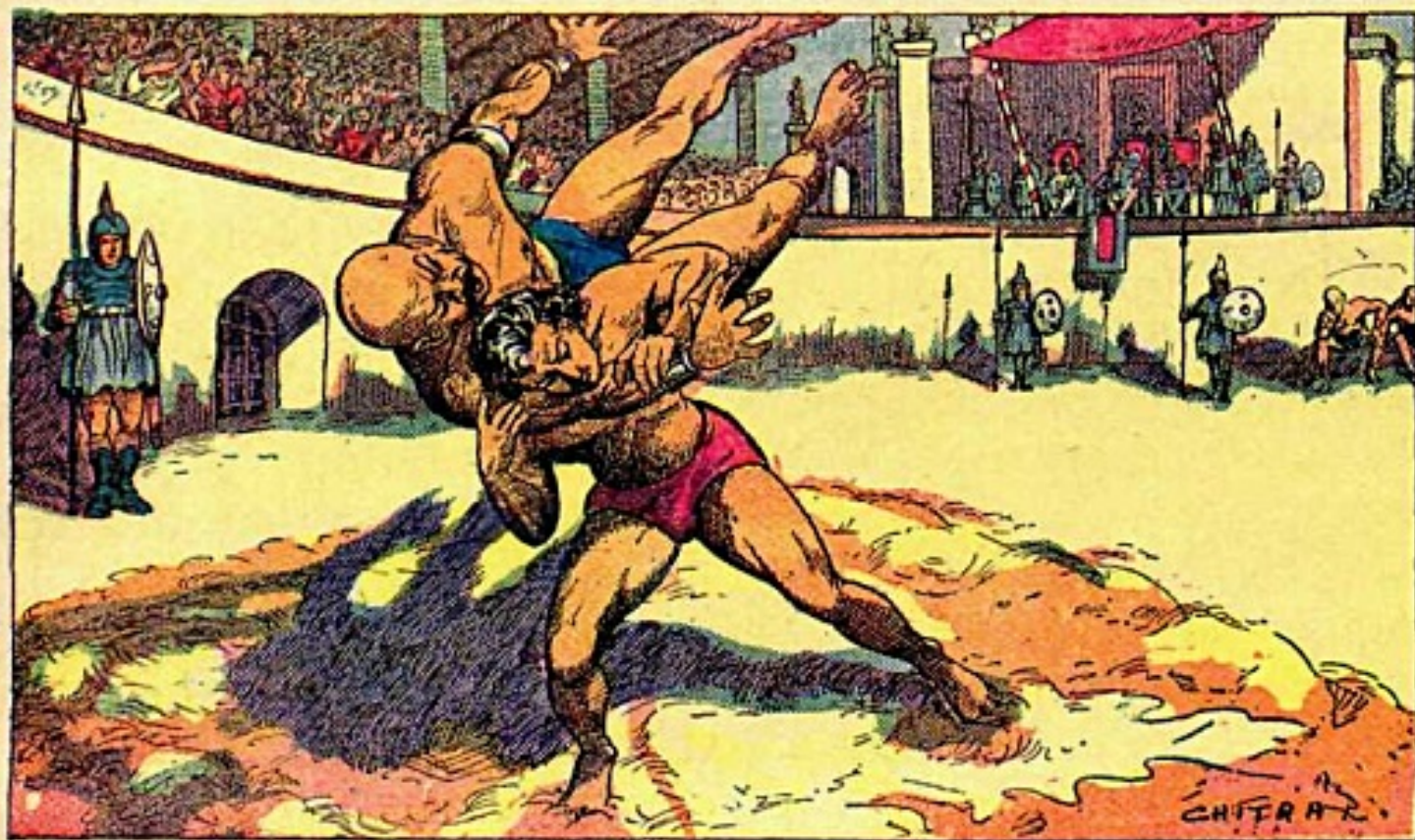
Agelaus was afraid that something might happen. It might become known that he had not destroyed the babe according to the orders of the King, but saved him and brought him up. The cattleman did his best to stop Paris, but Paris could not be persuaded not to go. So the cattleman also went to Troy with him to see that he came to no harm.

There were several contests during the funeral celebrations. A boxing match in front of the

King was one of them. Anyone could take part in it, and the one who won over all the rest was awarded a crown.

Disobeying the cattleman, Paris entered the contest, defeated all his rivals and won the crown. Then he took part in the foot-race, came first and won a second crown.

Seeing Paris win two crowns in succession, Priam's sons got jealous and challenged him to another boxing match.



They had intended to finish him off, but he defeated all of them and won a third crown.

Then Priam's sons decided to kill Paris. They had the exits of the stadium guarded by armed men. Then two of Priam's sons, Hector and Deiphobus, attacked Paris with swords. They did not know that Paris was their own brother.

The thing had gone too far. Agelaus averted a catastrophe

by running to Priam, shouting, "O King, save Paris! He is your own son!"

Priam was not worried that his son had not died, nor was he angry with his cattleman for having disobeyed him. He was, on the contrary, very proud and happy to have regained such a fine son whom he had considered lost.

To celebrate the return of Paris, Priam ordered a huge banquet and sacrifices for the





gods. He was more proud of Paris than of any of his other sons.

The priests warned Priam that Troy would be destroyed if Paris was not put to death at once.

"It is much better," said Priam, "that Troy should be destroyed than that I should lose my wonderful son!"

Now Paris was one of Priam's sons. He settled in Troy. All his brothers were married, and living with their wives.

"Why don't you also get married?" they would ask Paris.

Paris worshipped Aphrodite every day. "This goddess will find me a wife," he would reply. "I need not go in search of one. I am prepared to wait."

But he knew that Helen, whom he desired, was in Sparta. He was anxiously waiting for a chance to go to Sparta and meet Helen. He knew that Aphrodite would do the rest. Such a chance soon presented itself.

Priam had a sister called Hesione. Some time back the Greeks had taken her away. Priam had called for a council to meet and decide what was to be done. The council met and advised peaceful methods of recovering Hesione from the Greeks.

Messengers went to Greece and asked for the restoration of Hesione, but the Greeks refused. The attempt to settle the matter by peaceful means failed.

The council met once again and it was decided that an expedition should be sent against Greece.

"I will lead this expedition," Paris offered. "Give me a large fleet. I shall bring Hesione back. If I fail to do so, I may perhaps carry off a Greek princess of equal rank to hold in ransom for Hesione."

That very day, Menelaus, Helen's husband, happened to arrive at Troy. There was a reason for his coming. Sparta was ravaged by plague, and Menelaus came to offer special sacrifices at certain tombs in Troy, in order to pacify the gods and save Sparta.

Paris was very kind to Menelaus and soon made friends with him.

"I was thinking of going to Sparta," he said, "in order to offer prayers to the gods and purify myself of sins."



Menelaus was very happy to hear this.

In the meantime, Priam got the fleet ready for Paris. Accompanied by Menelaus, Paris set sail for Sparta. Eventually they reached Sparta.

Paris took innumerable gifts for Helen. He gave them to her and stayed with Menelaus and Helen as their guest. He was treated with great courtesy.

The moment Paris set eyes on Helen, he knew that she was the



most beautiful woman on earth. He was anxious for an opportunity to take Helen away with him, with the aid of Aphrodite who vowed to help him.

Aphrodite made Helen, too, fall in love with Paris, the moment she saw him. But Helen did not give any outward indications of her love.

Paris, on the contrary, showed his love for Helen openly and fearlessly. He would look at Helen all the time, trace her

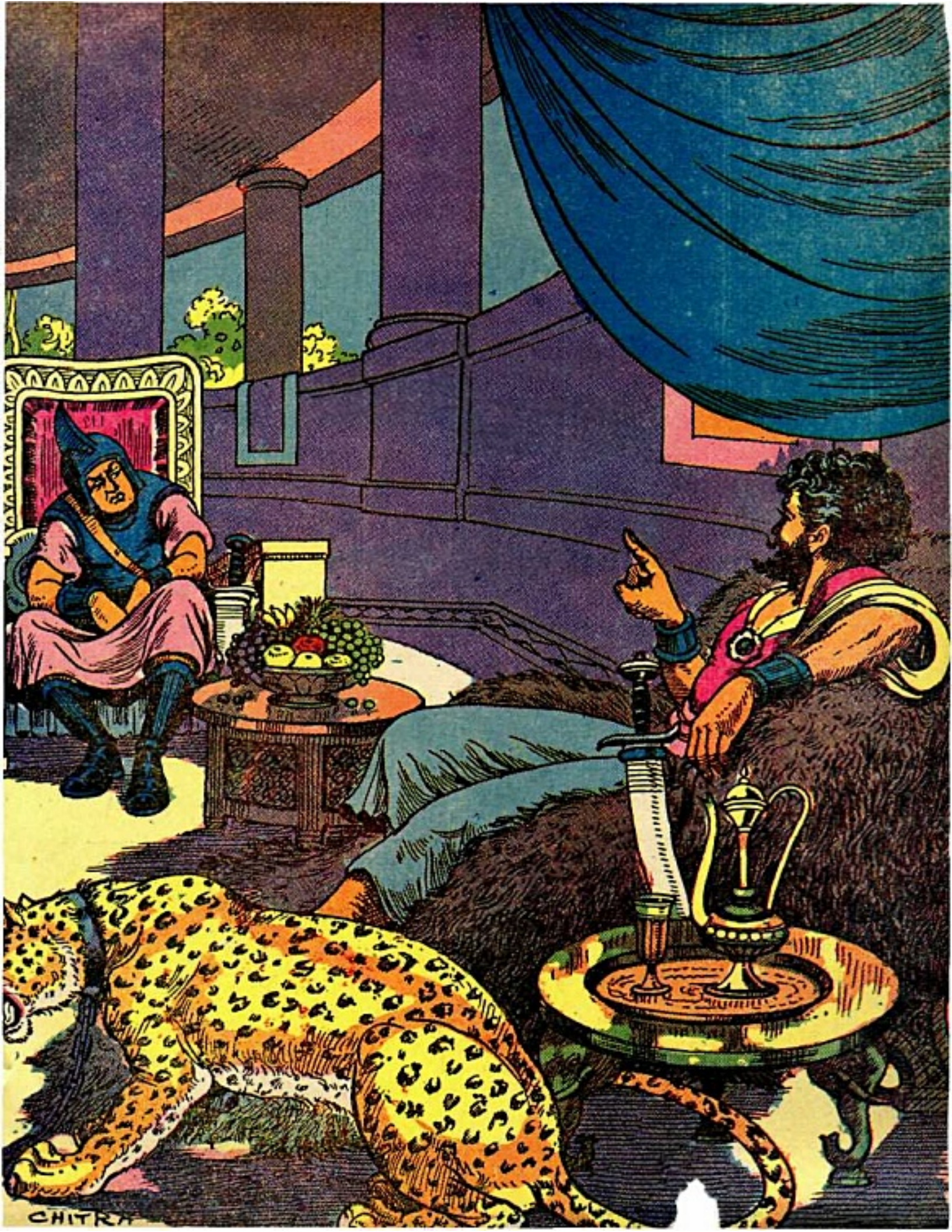
name on the dining table and so on, and Helen was very much worried that her husband would notice the odd behaviour of Paris.

Paris was the guest of Menelaus for nine days. During this time, Menelaus had to go to Crete for the funeral ceremonies of his grandfather.

Paris thought that it was all the favour of Aphrodite. He persuaded Helen to go away with him that very night. Helen left her home and followed Paris into his ship.

The entire fleet set sail for Troy. But Paris did not return to Troy right away. He visited several islands and stayed in various countries, and it was only after a considerable time that he reached Troy, with Helen.

As soon as Menelaus returned from Crete, he knew how Paris had repaid his hospitality. At once, he went to his brother



Agamemnon, told him what had happened, and demanded, "Make immediate preparations for war on Troy."

"Let us not be hasty," Agamemnon replied. "I shall send envoys to Troy and demand that Helen be restored to you and that you be compensated for the insult. We can think of war if peaceful methods to get Helen back fail."

Agamemnon's envoys arrived in Troy while Paris was still on his way. So Priam had no knowledge of the whole affair. He refused to believe the envoys of Agamemnon.

"Even granting that what you say is true," he told the envoys,

"why should I give any compensation to the Greeks? What compensation did the Greeks pay me for having taken away my sister Hesione?"

Priam never regretted what he said to the envoys of Agamemnon. For, when Paris arrived with Helen later, Priam was very much fascinated by her great beauty. Not only Priam, but all the Trojans were proud of Helen and her rare beauty.

Paris married Helen and there were great rejoicings in Troy.

"Under any circumstances," Priam swore publicly, "I will never let Helen be taken away by those Greeks."

(To be continued)





He Who Made Good

THERE was once a wealthy merchant who had three sons. After they had finished their studies, he called them to him one after the other, and asked each one, "Son, what will you do for your living?"

"Father," the eldest son replied, "I want to become a doctor. Give me enough money to study medicine, and I shall become a doctor, treat my patients and earn my livelihood."

The father agreed and gave him the necessary funds.

"I want to become a trader like you, father," the second son said. "If you can provide me with the necessary capital I will earn profits and live upon them."

The father agreed and provided his second son the capital he needed.

Only, the third son hesitated to answer his father's question. The father insisted upon an answer, so the boy, who was named Chandra-kanth, at last blurted out, "I want to become a thief, father."

His father was shocked by these words. So were his elder brothers. Then they got angry.

"What do you mean by that?" his father demanded. "Why should you become a thief? Stop fooling and select a more honourable way of life."

But Chandra-kanth would not change his mind.



"In this world," he said, "thieves have the utmost honour and wealth. I will become a thief and nothing else." Neither his father nor his brothers could dissuade him from becoming a thief.

"Go and become a thief," his father shouted at him. "Get out of my house. You shall not have a pie from me. And don't expect any help either from me or from your brothers when they catch you and hang you! I mean it!"

Before news of this quarrel spread, Chandra-kanth went to his father's cashier and said, "I want five thousand rupees at once."

The cashier gave the sum without hesitation, and, that very night, Chandra-kanth departed with the money.

Some years went by. The merchant became old. His trade dwindled and he had several rivals. Some of them joined together and ruined his business. They bribed the officials in order to delay the dispatch and arrival of his goods. He could not get credit. His debtors did not pay him. Slowly his condition became so miserable that he had to depend upon his sons for his very existence.

But, as ill luck would have it, his sons fared no better. The eldest son studied medicine, became a doctor, and set up practice in a certain town. The doctors of the town did not like this new person, they wanted

to drive him away. They came to see him, and said to him, "We shall look after you, don't worry. Being a new doctor, you may get no patients for some time. But we will send you some of our rich patients. After a time you will become famous and will need no help from us."

Then they sent their hopeless cases to him, and most of them died while under his treatment. For all diseases are not curable and he got only incurable cases.

After a time the local doctors again paid a visit to the merchant's son, and said "Unfortunately, the persons who died while in your charge were important persons. We have reliable news that the Chief Minister is thinking of trying you for neglect of patients and even murder. We advise you to be on your guard!"

The merchant's eldest son was frightened. He got disgusted with his profession. Without telling anyone, he left the town with his



wife and children, and went to his father's place.

A similar misfortune befell the second son too. As a result of his father's reverses, he got no credit. Soon he had to wind up his trade and take to shop-keeping. Having failed in this too, he went to his father.

There was no news of Chandrakanth at all. The father and the elder brothers thought that he must have been jailed or hanged long ago. But in this they were quite mistaken.

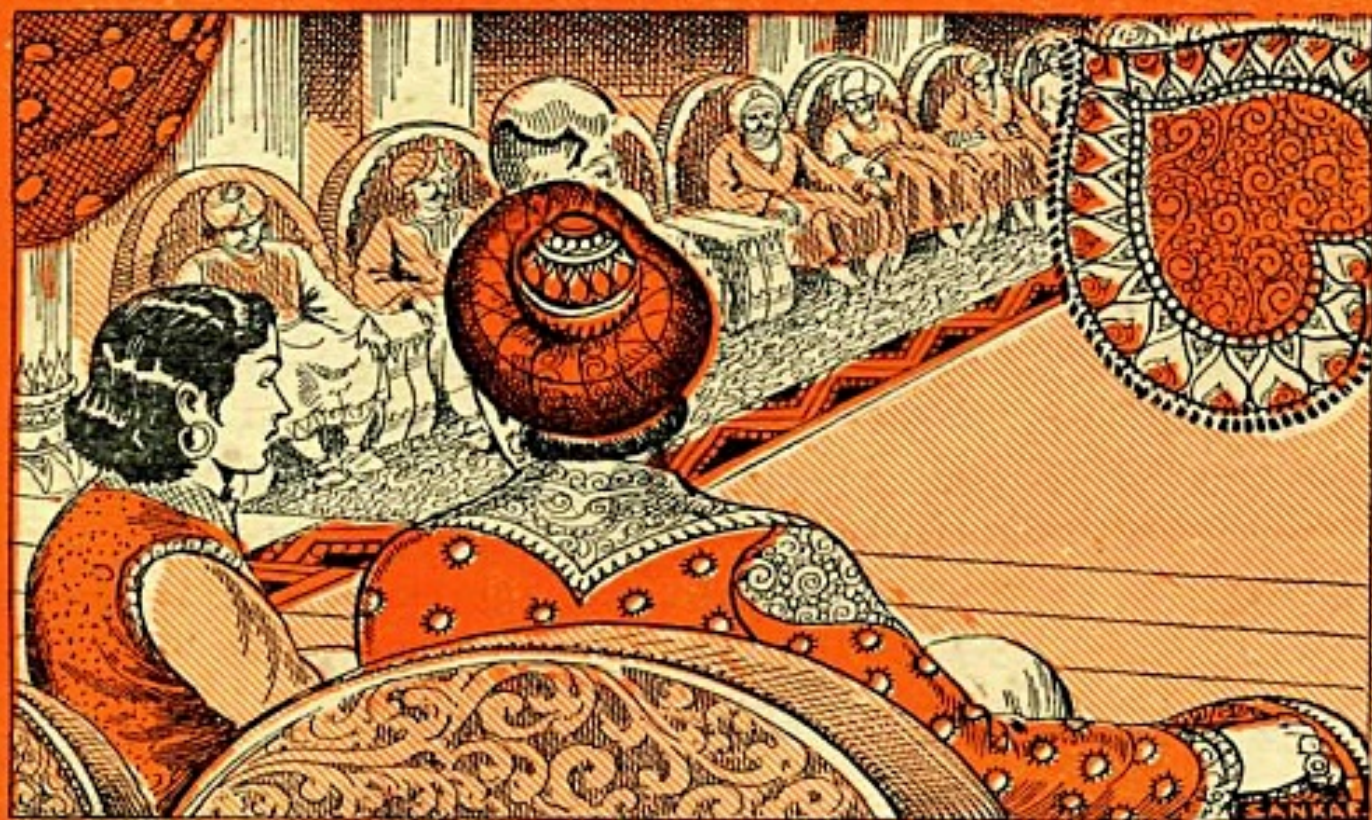
After taking five thousand rupees from his father's cashier, Chandra-kanth journeyed for several days and arrived in a petty kingdom.

Chandra-kanth paid a visit to the King and made a gift of the five thousand rupees which he had with him.

The King was extremely pleased with the gift, as well as the young man who made it. "Who are you?" the King asked Chandra-kanth. "What do you want from me in return?"

"Your Highness," Chandra-kanth replied, "I have not come to you seeking property or fortune. Admit me to your court and grant me private audience for a few minutes every day, I shall give you five thousand rupees each time."

The King was both surprised and pleased. He had several courtiers who were always demanding gifts, but none who made them. So the King looked upon this young man with great favour, and agreed to his request.



The next day, Chandra-kanth attended court. He had already obtained information regarding the worth of each one of the courtiers. While talking to the King confidentially, he kept looking at one of the rich courtiers.

Later, the rich courtier approached Chandra-kanth and said, "Sir, the King was telling you, in confidence, something about me. It made me anxious. Will you kindly let me know what he spoke? I shall show you my gratitude in a suitable manner."

"I do not know why," Chandra-kanth replied, "but the King seems to be very angry with you."

"Kind sir," the courtier said anxiously, "pacify the King, and I will give you whatever you want."

"Well," Chandra-kanth said, "there is nothing impossible with money. Give me ten thousand rupees and I shall try my best to pacify the King." He got the ten thousand rupees, of which he gave the King five thousand.



In the entire court there was not a single person who did not suffer from a guilty conscience. So, each day, Chandra-kanth looked at one of the courtiers while he and the King whispered together, and the victim approached Chandra-kanth and paid him money. Chandra-Kanth, in his turn, paid the King. Even the ministers were not spared. Chandra-kanth robbed all, paid the King, got more and more into the King's favour and prospered very well.

Soon he was the richest person in the land and his influence was enormous.

While Chandra-kanth prospered, his father and brothers reached utter destitution. At times they went without food.

Even their wives and children were starving.

Then, one day, a large caravan arrived at their door. Some soldiers entered the house and asked for the old merchant. Then they showed him heaps of fine clothes and costly ornaments, and said, "Sir, your youngest son sends you all these gifts. We are ready to take you to him as soon as you are ready to start."

The merchant and his two elder sons were extremely happy. They were amazed that the one who wanted to become a robber should make good. They wore the new clothes, put on the ornaments, got into the palanquins sent for them, and started to join Chandra-kanth who had prospered.





Losing Friends

SAID Damanaka:

“In that case, let me tell you the story of Dantila. In the city of Vardha-mana there was a great merchant called Dantila. He was an extremely rich man. He pleased both the King and the people, doing good to them by making endless gifts to both. Such men are come across only very rarely.

“One day he performed his daughter's wedding. That day no kitchen-chimney was permitted to smoke in the town. Everyone was at the feast. The King himself was an honoured guest and was showered with gifts befitting a King.

“But a menial from the palace, Gorambhaka by name, went to the wedding and sat among the

honoured guests. The merchant saw him and had him pushed out. Gorambhaka the menial got angry with the merchant and determined to bring about his fall.

“He went to the King's chamber to sweep the floor, and finding the King just waking up muttered, ‘What a shame that the Queen should befriend Dantila the merchant! What a disgrace!’ The King, who was not wide awake, shouted, ‘What is it you prattle, wretch?’ ‘I know not, sire,’ the menial replied, ‘what I spoke while I drowsed!’

But the King suspected Dantila of faithlessness. He ordered that the merchant should set foot in the palace no more. Not knowing the reason for this order,

Dantila was hurt. As he was turned back by the guards at the gate, Gorambhaka the menial, smiled triumphantly.

"The merchant noticed this, suspected Gorambhaka's foul-play, called him aside and gave him gifts. At the next opportunity, Gorambhaka pretended to be dozing in the King's chamber, and muttered again, 'The King is unclean. He eats cold food on leaving his bed.' The King heard it and demanded an explanation. But the menial pretended that he did not know

what he had said. Then the King regretted having taken such a fellow seriously. He sent for the merchant and continued to be friendly with him.

"So, my friend, ignore me not, thinking that the King is your friend."

Said Sanjivaka the Bull :

"Ah, my friend, what you say is quite true. I shall be never so ill-mannered as to neglect you."

Then they went to Pingalaka the Lion sitting under the spreading tree. Sanjivaka bowed to the King humbly, while Damanaka



whispered in the King's ear, "It is he!"

The King of beasts raised his paw and stroked the mighty hump of the bull. "How are you, dear friend?" he asked. "Do you keep well? Why did you visit these parts all alone?"

The bull heard these words and felt very happy. He narrated his story to the lion.

"There is nothing to fear," said the lion at last. "You will be quite safe with me. Only, do not stray into the forest without me, because the jungle around

here is not safe. Many a beast of prey prowls this forest. Even strong creatures fear to go about, and you are such a gentle one."

Then he ordered the other creatures to follow him to the river, where they slaked their thirst. Then the King entered the forest followed by his court.

Now the lion spent all his time in conversation with the bull. Many a tale did they tell each other, and many a moral did they draw from them. While the King was absorbed in enlightened conversation with the bull,



Karataka and Damanaka the Ministers, looked after the affairs of the state.

Thanks to the wise conversation of the bull, the Lion soon became a tame creature. They were now such close friends that the other creatures of the court dared not break in upon their talk. They stood at a distance. Even Karataka and Damanaka could not approach the King. There was no more hunting. The populace was hungry, and it cursed the King who would not feed it.

Not having access to the King, Karataka and Damanaka went to a secret spot and began to discuss their fate.

Said Damanaka :

"The King has forgotten us altogether. He has no ear except

for Sanjivika the Bull. He never leaves the court and does not think of hunting. Things cannot go on like this. What is to be done, and how?"

Karataka replied :

"Whether he listens to you or not, do your duty and tell him that this is not right. When the King forgets his duty, it is the Minister that is always to blame. It was you that brought the bull and caused all this trouble."

"I agree with you, my friend," Damanaka said. "The King is not to blame. It was all my fault. I am now reaping what I have sown with my own hands. It is but natural that one's mistakes should visit one, as the story tells."

"What is that story, my friend?" Karataka asked.



PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

MARCH 1957

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 5th of January '57.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR JANUARY

- I. *Photo*: Praying for prosperity
- II. *Photo*: Preparing for austerity

Contributed by :

G. R. Pai, No. 4B, Springhaven Road, Harbour, Madras-1.

AWARD Rs. 10



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

THIS is a trick which provides nice entertainment to the audience, and at the same time it puzzles them. This is how it is done.

The magician selects a person from among the audience and invites him on to the stage. The gentleman so invited will be wearing a tie. The magician begins to chat with this gentleman for a time. Then he points at his tie, saying, "Now-a-days, we in India do not have these foreign customs, you know!" He then takes a sharp pair of scissors and cuts off the gentleman's tie. (See picture.) He does not stop there, he goes on

snipping the tie into small bits and then proceeds to burn them at the candle which stands lighted on the table.

Then an assistant of the magician comes and tells him, "This gentleman is no Indian. He is a foreigner. It is quite common among his people to wear ties." At first the magician looks puzzled. Then he passes his wand and restores the gentleman's tie in an instant.

And here is how he does it.

The gentleman who is selected from among the audience and invited on to the stage, is an accomplice of the magician. He wears the tie in a

particular manner. Two identical ties are taken and one of them is worn as shown at '1'. The portion of the tie which is below the knot is hidden inside the shirt, so that it does not show. The upper flap of the second tie is cut off and stuck inside the knot of the first tie (as shown at '2') so that it looks like part of the first tie. It is this flap that the magician snips off, cuts into bits and burns at the candle.

When the magician wants to restore the tie again, he takes out with his wand the portion of the tie that is hidden behind the shirt front, and the thing is done.

This is a trick that requires some skill. But the magicians of America now perform this in a

masterly fashion. By the aid of funny dialogue, the magician can provide his audience good entertainment while doing this trick.

[Readers who want to know further details about this trick may write to the following address: Prof. P. C. Sorcar, Magician, Ballygunj Post, Calcutta - 19.]





NEWS ITEMS

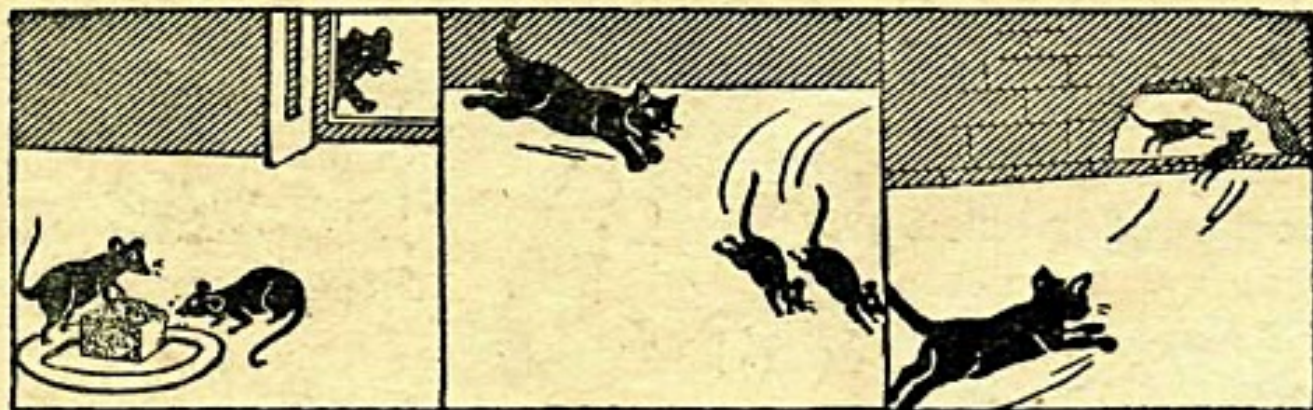
The newsprint factory at Nepa Nagar is producing newsprint at the rate of 60 tons a day. It has produced 3,055 tons in 1955-56. A factory for the manufacture of 30,000 tons of newsprint annually is to be set up in the public sector at Shakkar Nagar (Andhra Pradesh). The country's requirement of newsprint is expected to go up to a lakh and a quarter tons annually by 1960-61.

* * *

The Government of India have approved schemes for the development of the silk industry in the States of West Bengal, Bihar, Assam and Orissa. The Union Ministry of Production has sanctioned loans and grants totalling over Rs. 5.63 lakhs to the four States for the implementation of the schemes.

* * *

On November 26, the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama of Tibet arrived in Delhi as State guests in connection with the Buddha Jayanti Celebrations. They were accorded a warm welcome and were received at the airport by Prime Minister Nehru and Vice-President Radhakrishnan.



An affectionate and enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the Chinese Premier, Chou En-lai when he arrived by air at Delhi, on the afternoon of November 28, accompanied by the Vice-Premier Ho Lung. He came on a 12-day visit to India.

* * *

President Prasad was 72 on December 3. He is also the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, and the Chiefs of staff of the Army, Navy and Air Force sent him greetings on the occasion.

* * *

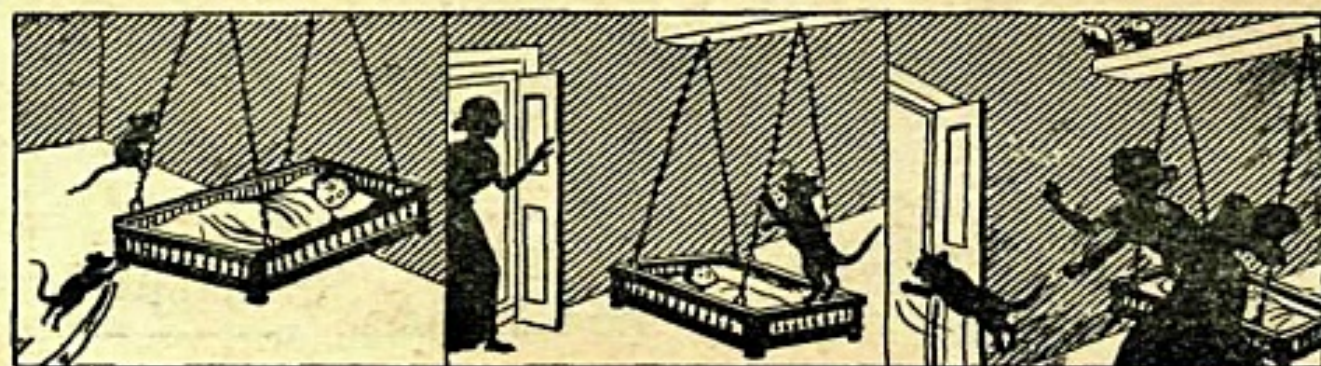
On the morning of Nov. 23, the south-bound Tuticorin Express derailed near Ariyalur, about 170 miles from Madras, resulting in a loss of 152 lives, and 114 injured. Lal Bahadur Shastri, Union Minister for Railways, resigned in connection with the accident.

* * *

On December 6, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar died in Delhi. Born on April 14, 1892, in a scheduled caste family, he had a brilliant career. As the first Law Minister of free India, he helped to frame our Constitution. Recently he embraced Buddhism with more than two lakhs of his followers.

* * *

In the recent Olympic Games (XVI Olympiad), held at Melbourne, Australia, athletes from all over the world took part in various events. Soviet Russia obtained the largest number of medals, 37 gold, 29 silver and 32 bronze, United States of America winning 32 gold, 25 silver and 17 bronze medals. India too obtained a gold medal for her success in hockey. The next Olympiad will take place at Rome in 1960.

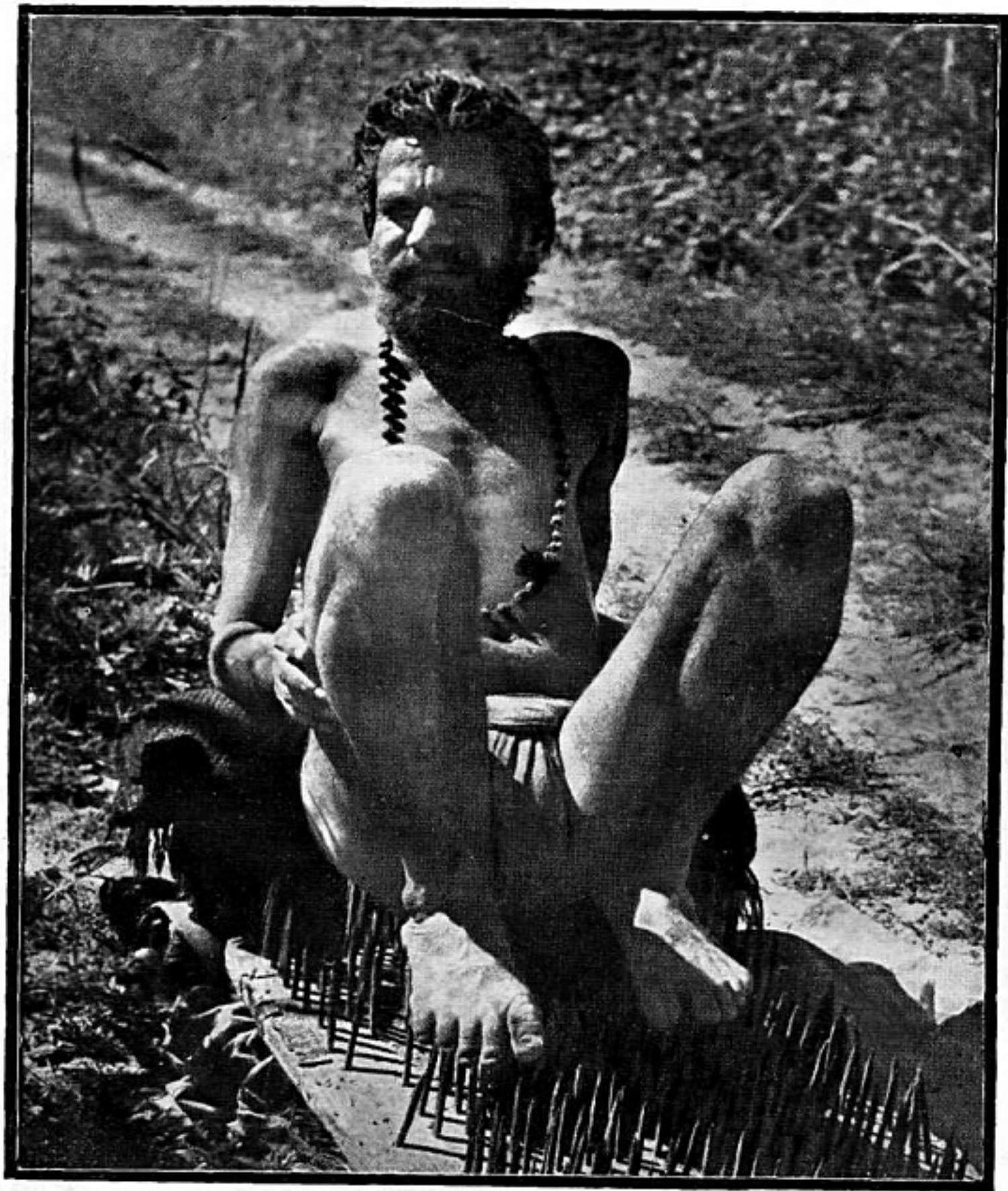


Picture Story



ONE day, Dass and Vass applied for leave from school, pretending sickness, and went to have a dip in the river. When they went there, they saw an old man being swept away with the current and crying for help. Dass and Vass jumped into the river and rescued the old man. A news photographer heard of this and came to photograph the heroes. But they stepped aside and showed "Tiger" as the hero. For they did not want the teacher to know that they had gone swimming in the river, while pretending to be ill.





Winning
Caption

**PREPARING FOR
AUSTERITY**

Contributed by
G. R. Pai, Madras - 1



HELEN OF TROY